KORAY'S LETTERS

WRITTEN FROM PARIS 1788-92.

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Written from Paris
1788-92

Translated from the
Original Greek, and
Edited by P. Ralli

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KORAES, Adamantios [1748-1833]

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PREFACE.

THE great intereſt which is now being taken in all the events connected with the revolutionary movement in France has induced me to bring to the notice of my friends the following tranſlation, from the original Greek, of a ſelection from letters written in Paris during the time of the Revolution, by a Greek medical ſtudent, named Ardamantius Koray. Koray went to Montpellier, in 1782, for ſix years, to ſtudy medicine, and after that proceeded to Paris, chiefly for the purpoſe of ſtudy, and alſo to edit the works of Hippocrates, in whom he ſeems to have taken a great intereſt. During his reſidence in Paris he wrote numerous letters to his friend, the Precentor of the great Church in Smyrna. In theſe letters he deſcribes the chief

events of the Revolution from the year 1788 *to the execution of the King, at which point the correſpondence comes to an end. I have omitted a great portion of that correſpondence, as it deals with events thoroughly well known, and upon which he makes no original comments. I have, however, ſelected what, in my opinion, are the moſt intereſting paſſages, intereſting from the ſpecial point of view that they are written by 'the man in the ſtreet.' Koray was not in the political or faſhionable world, and does not ſeem to have had any perſonal acquaintance with the people about the Court, or with the members of the Aſſembly, and his narrative muſt be taken as that of a man repeating the rumours which were rife in the cafés and the ſtreets of Paris. To thoſe who have ſtudied the events of the Revolution as deſcribed in the diaries and memoirs of perſons who were actors therein, and in the official papers which have ſince been made public,*

theſe memoirs of the daily goſſip of the ſtreets may perhaps ſound trivial, and, in many caſes, abſurd; but I think it is ſomewhat intereſting to read in theſe letters (which were never meant for publication) what was commonly believed by the public, and alſo to gather the impreſſions produced on the minds of the ſpectators of theſe extraordinary events. His remarks about Pitt and his policy, about Talleyrand and his objects, as well as his own views of the ſituation, may ſeem very abſurd, but they were no doubt thoſe current in many circles, and, as I ſaid above, although we have been inundated by diaries and memoirs of politicians, courtiers, and Royal perſonages, we have, ſo far as I know, had very few ſpecimens of the intimate correſpondence and paſſing opinions of a perſon unconnected with politics or faſhion, but who happened to be in the way of hearing the goſſip and common talk of the capital.

After the Revolution, Koray became a persona gratiſſima *to the Emperor Napoleon. Koray, at his death, left a very fine library to his native iſland of Chios, where it ſtill remains. I viſited this iſland in the year* 1891, *and was much ſurpriſed to find in this library a magnificent preſentation copy, given by the Emperor to Koray, of the great work on Egyptian Archæology which Napoleon had ordered to be published after his expedition to Egypt. It is ſtrange that a copy of this coſtly and moſt rare work ſhould drift into the public library of a remote island in the Greek Archipelago. Koray died at Paris in the year* 1833, *aged eighty-five.*

P. RALLI.

ALDERBROOK, CRANLEIGH,
January, 1898.

LETTERS OF KORAY.

Letter I.

15th September, 1788.

Since the 24th of May, 1788, I have been in this grand city of Paris, the abode of all the arts and ſciences—the modern Athens! You muſt picture to yourſelf a city larger than Conſtantinople, with 800,000 inhabitants, a multiplicity of colleges, a number of public libraries, where every art and every ſcience is cultivated to perfection; with numbers of learned men ſcattered about the city—in its public ſquares, in its ſtreets, and in its coffee-houſes, where you hear all news—political and literary—where you find German, French, and Engliſh newſpapers. You muſt realiſe that the ſtreets and ſquares of this city are as crowded daily as is the meeting of the three ſtreets at Smyrna on Sunday morning, when the ſervices of the two churches happen to finiſh at the ſame

time. To this crowd of foot-paſſengers you muſt add the number of carriages which are driven about hither and thither ſo furiouſly that it is difficult to avoid being run over: ſuch is Paris.

Theſe things are wonderful to all; but to a Greek who recollects that his anceſtors, two thouſand years ago in Athens, had attained to an almoſt equal degree of civiliſation, this wonder is mingled with a senſe of melancholy, for how can he fail to ſigh when he reflects that in the very city which once was ruled by the wiſe laws of Solon, ignorance, inſolence, hate, and ſhameleſſneſs now hold an undiſputed ſway.

Letter II.

8th September, 1789.

Letter II. begins with referring to matters in Smyrna and then proceeds:—

Well, I will leave theſe locally intereſting matters, and tell you a little about what is going on here: you probably have heard ſomething about it, and although I am really too buſy in literary work to waſte my time in writing concerning theſe events [this phraſe is literally

tranſlated, P.R.], in order that you may not complain of my not writing to you, I will tell you ſome of the current goſſip.

You muſt know then, my dear Precentor, that the French monarchy has fallen into an abyſs of debt, partly cauſed by former wars, but chiefly, it is ſaid, through the robbery and extravagance of the nobles, and moſt of all by the reckleſſneſs of the Queen and the ladies of the Court who wait upon her. The King, being no longer able to pile more taxes on the already overburdened people, was obliged to call together an Aſſembly of the nation to find ſome remedy for this ſtate of things. [Here follows a ſhort account of the election of the States-General.] The King and nobles had only called the Aſſembly together to impoſe new taxes, not thinking it could do anything elſe, but the Third Eſtate wiſhed not only to cure the preſent diſeaſe, but to ſtop its recurrence in the future.

For this purpoſe it was neceſſary to put a ſtop to the expenditure of the Court, to abrogate certain unfair privileges of the nobility and clergy, and to compel them to pay taxes on their property like the Third Eſtate. The clergy and nobility were ſtrongly of opinion that the Aſſembly

ſhould be diſſolved, and the Court adviſed the King to take this ſtep. As, however, it was impoſſible to do this without great diſturbance throughout the whole of the country, and eſpecially in Paris, they concentrated ſome thirty thouſand troops around Verſailles, ſo as to cruſh any attempted inſurrection in the bud. The reſult was not the one looked for or deſired. It was on the 12th of July, my dear friend, a Sunday, towards evening, and all the world was out ſtrolling in the Royal gardens called the Tuileries,* ſituated at the end of Paris. I was in the gardens with one of my friends. All of a ſudden we hear piſtols going off and guns being fired, every one aſks his neighbour what is the matter, but no one ſeems to know; men, women, and children all run together to the end of the gardens—and what do they ſee? An immenſe body of ſoldiers coming from Verſailles to Paris to ſtop the inſurrection, which, it was thought, might break out the next day, which was Monday; becauſe the people ſay it was the intention of the Court to break up the Aſſembly on Monday, and, if the members reſiſted, to ſhoot down ſome and exile others. The commander of

* Koray very correctly calls it Κεραμεικος.

theſe troops was the Prince de Lambeſc, and, had he behaved with any common ſenſe, the bolt would not, in all probability, have recoiled on his own head; but, thanks to good luck, to Divine Providence, or to whatever elſe you may like to call it, his head did not contain one ounce of brains. As ſoon as he entered the gardens, he ruſhed forward like an eſcaped lunatic, and drawing his ſword, went for a very innocent and reſpectable old gentleman of ſixty, who happened to be there with the other people, and ſlaſhed him in the face. This brutal act ſtartled us all, and we ran as hard as we could lay legs to the ground, each one to his own house. Night came, which we ſpent in fear and trembling. The Prince, however, did not dare enter the city, but remained in the ſuburbs.

Scarcely had day broken when all the citizens of Paris—ſuſpecting, or, I ſhould ſay, now plainly ſeeing through the deſigns of the Court—armed themſelves as beſt they could, with a view to fighting. The day, however, was ſpent in arming and nothing more occurred. The Prince de Lambeſc, hearing this, did not venture into the city. When the news reached Verſailles and the neighbouring towns, the inhabitants alſo armed

themſelves. The Court, the clergy, and the nobles, ſeeing all this, began to get alarmed, but this was only the beginning of woes.

On Tueſday morning the people of Paris perceived that there were not enough arms for all the population, therefore they broke into all the Royal arſenals and ſtorehouſes, and every other place where arms were kept, and took them all, even to the cannon, with which, after having loaded them, they adorned the ſtreets and ſquares, intending to make good uſe of them if the Prince de Lambeſc ſhould attempt to enter the town. If he had tried to do ſo, blood would have flowed in ſtreams ; perhaps I might have been among the the ſlain, and you would have been ſpared theſe long goſſipy letters.

Remember, it is now the afternoon of Tueſday. The armed citizens ſurround the Baſtille and demand the ſurrender of all the arms contained in it from the Governor. 'What is the Baſtille?' your honour may ſay. Perhaps you have never ſeen the Vizir Khan or the ruined Vezeſtir ? The Baſtille is a ſmall but very ſtrong fort, ſituated at the end of Paris ; it was built ſome five hundred years ago, it is ſaid, in ten years, and at a coſt of ten millions. It was uſed as a State priſon like

the Caſtle of the Seven Towers at Conſtantinople. It was a cruel priſon, often uſed unjuſtly or deſpotically; for inſtance, if, by any chance, a man happened in company to ſay careleſſly that one of the miniſters had done wrong, had made a miſtake, or anything of that kind, it was quite on the cards that he might be arreſted the next day and locked up there for all his life, without one ſingle friend or relation knowing what had become of him, and without his being allowed to give ſign of life, or write to any human being;—a capital jail for precentors, you may perhaps note. The armed crowd, ſeeing that the commander, Delaunay, refuſed to open the gates, forced them open: the aſſault began about two in the afternoon, and by five the fort was taken. The firſt thing the people did on entering the caſtle was to behead the unfortunate Delaunay and his ſecond in command. At ſix o'clock I, according to my wont, went out intending to go to the café and ſee the Engliſh papers; for you muſt not imagine that, in the midſt of all this, I ſtayed at home. I went out daily, to be an eye-witneſs of theſe terrible events, which were novelties to me, as, indeed, they were to every one elſe. Whilſt walking to the coffee-houſe I met the conquerors of

the Baſtille, who were parading the ſtreets of the town, accompanied by tens of thouſands of people, and carrying the two bleeding heads of the murdered men. It was a ghaſtly ſight. As this news ſpread, the army of Lambeſc melted away in every direction. The tidings reached Verſailles that evening, and ſo amazed were the Court, the clergy, and the nobles, that they could not believe it; but when a ſecond and a third meſſenger confirmed the news, as alſo that of the beheading of the Governor, and the rumour ſpread that the Pariſians intended marching on Verſailles the next day, a general panic ſet in. It is ſaid that the Royal Family did not ſleep in their rooms that night, but in a kioſque in the garden, not that they thought they were any ſafer there, but they did not know what to do, or where to go, ſo terrified were they. The next day had barely dawned, when a regular ſtampede commenced; miniſters, dukes, counts, ducheſſes, and counteſſes, with other ladies of the Queen's houſehold, vaniſhed ſuddenly. Among thoſe who fled was the Comte D'Artois, the youngeſt brother of the King. They all departed, leaving the King and the Queen, and the eldeſt brother of the King, almoſt alone.

This flight emboldened the citizens of Paris and the Aſſembly. The King, on the other hand, found himſelf in a very difficult poſition. Seeing the people of Paris in arms, fearing the worſt, and, perhaps, having taken the advice of ſome wiſe councillor, he goes (oh my Precentor) alone, or at leaſt accompanied by his brother, without attendants and without pomp, on foot to the hall where the Aſſembly was ſitting, and there and then makes the members a ſpeech—ſhort, indeed, but ſenſible—in which he ſaid that his object in bringing troops to Paris and Verſailles was not to diſturb the peace of the Aſſembly, but, on the contrary, ſimply to preſerve order; that the people wrongly ſuſpected him of being a tyrant, &c., &c., and that in fact he had come to the Aſſembly to aſk its advice, being ready to do whatever was thought beſt. The Aſſembly replied that, as he had aſked their advice, they could only ſuggeſt that, in order to pacify the people, he ſhould recall the honeſt miniſters who were devoted to the public welfare, and whom he had unjuſtly diſmiſſed.

Do not imagine that by this phraſe they meant the miniſters who had run away. Theſe gentlemen, as I ought to have told you before,

had only been miniſters for two days. For on the Saturday—that is to ſay, on the eve of the firſt riot—the King had diſmiſſed two or three of the firſt cabinet, the only honeſt men amongſt them; this, it is ſaid, he did by the advice of the Queen and of his youngeſt brother. Upon the advice of the Aſſembly, he immediately wrote letters to thoſe miniſters whom he had dismiſſed and called them back, whilſt at the ſame time he ſent ſix meſſengers, choſen from amongſt the Aſſembly, to Paris, with words of peace and fair promiſes, in order that he might pacify the people. Mean-time, on the Wedneſday and Thurſday, the mob cut off the heads of ſeveral important and rich people, and carried them on pikes through the town. Many more would have been murdered had they not fled after diſguiſing themſelves, ſome as coal-heavers and others as ſervants. Events, however, were not limited to Paris. In almoſt every town throughout the country the ſame things happened, as the news came from Paris and Verſailles. Many murders were committed, and many houſes belonging to the nobles were deſtroyed. The King, ſeeing that his promiſes had produced ſome effect, thought that it would pacify the people more, and alſo conduce

to his own ſafety, if he came to Paris and showed himſelf to the populace.

I ſaw this extraordinary ſight, and, at that moment, I wiſhed you were with me to ſee it too The King came to Paris on the Friday, about two hours after dinner. The citizens, armed to the teeth, went out about a league from the gates to meet him. It is ſaid that the Queen wiſhed to come with him; but the King, fearing the conſequences, would not allow her, and if ſhe had ſhown herſelf in Paris that day, I certainly think her life would have been in great danger. The people were quite enraged againſt her, and, indeed, if ſhe has not been attacked up till now, it is entirely due to the King, who is generally ſuppoſed to be a naturally good-natured perſon, but very eaſily miſled by bad adviſers. The King, therefore, came, accompanied by four nobles choſen from amongſt thoſe who were moſt popular with the people. He had, however, no lifeguards with him, as the inhabitants of Paris declared that not a ſingle lifeguardſman ſhould enter the city, ſince they conſidered themſelves quite capable of guarding their own King. This ſtatement might, on the one hand, be conſidered flattering to the King, but, on the other, it was ſlightly ſuſpicious.

Nevertheleſs he was obliged to come to Paris ſtripped of every protection, and to truſt himſelf to the tender mercies of an armed mob of 300,000 people. I ſaw him, my dear friend, in his carriage as he drove into the city. He was as white as a ſheet, and terrified, as indeed he had reaſon to be, for all around him there were nothing but armed men and ſtreets full of cannon. As he was driven towards the palace, the whole population of eight or nine hundred thouſand people were out in the ſtreets or at the windows, and they were all ſhouting—not as uſual, 'Long live the King!' but 'Long live the Nation!' I hear that this impreſſed him greatly, and, as I ſay, I ſaw with my own eyes that his face was abſolutely colourleſs. When he entered the palace, it is ſaid that he was quite unable to utter even one ſingle ſyllable of the ſpeech which had been prepared for him; but the Mayor addreſſed the crowd, and promiſed the people, in the name of the King, that they ſhould have a reform of all the principal abuſes.

After this he came out, with the ſame eſcort, at half-paſt four o'clock on his way back to Verſailles; and then, indeed, as he returned, he heard his name ſhouted, and the cry went up of

'Long live the King and the Nation!' Since that day things are quieter, but yet not quite peaceful. The Aſſembly is now engaged in carrying different new laws, the objects of which are to diminiſh the privileges of the nobles, and alſo to decreaſe the income and luxury of our moſt holy Archbiſhops. There is, therefore, a double current of agitation; on the one hand the diſcontented are moving every ſtone to increaſe the confuſion, and, on the other, the emigrant princes, who have many friends here, are doing everything they can through them to obſtruct the new legiſlation of the Aſſembly. You muſt add to this that the Court, although they are oſtenſibly on the ſame ſide as the people, nevertheleſs perceive that the power of the King is being diminiſhed by theſe new laws, and that he is being reduced to the level of the King of England or of Poland. Naturally this does not pleaſe them, and for all theſe reaſons we fear great trouble, and probably riots, within a ſhort time, ſince if the King attempts to reſume the deſpotic rule which he has hitherto held, it will be impoſſible for him to do ſo without much bloodſhed.

I forgot to tell you that, in addition to the fear of being murdered, we are alſo afraid we may

die of hunger. The ſupply of wheat has run ſhort, ſo that all the bakers' ſhops have to be guarded by ſoldiers, all the bread that is ſold has to be carefully meaſured, and ſo great is the crowd around the ſhops that one has to get up at four o'clock in the morning to buy bread! The year 1789 has indeed been diſaſtrous for France, and will remain for ever memorable in hiſtory; for, although I have told you a great deal, yet I have not mentioned more than a fraction of the events which have taken place.

In order to deſcribe all that is going on it is not a letter that I ſhould have to write, but a book as long as the Anthology, or the Pſalms. What I relate, however, I have ſeen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. What can be more curious than to ſee a preacher on the popular ſide preaching in the pulpit about liberty, and taking as his text the thirteenth verſe of the fifth chapter of St. Paul's Epiſtle to the Galatians, 'For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only uſe not liberty for an occaſion to the fleſh, but by love ſerve one another;' to hear him thundering againſt the ariſtocrats—that is to ſay, the ariſtocracy of the prieſts as well as that of nobles; to hear him aſſert that thoſe who crucified

Jeſus were ariſtocrats—that is to ſay, monks and nobles, who were the biſhops, ſcribes, and Phariſees, and leaders of the people, and this becauſe Jeſus Chriſt ſupported the Third Eſtate and taught univerſal equality! That this ſhould be ſaid without fear under the very noſe of the Archbiſhop of Paris, who was nearly ſtoned in Verſailles the other day becauſe he had ſpoken againſt the Third Eſtate! As ſoon as he had come out of the Aſſembly he was greeted with a ſhower of ſtones thrown at his carriage, the glaſſes of which were all broken. The Archbiſhop was able, with great difficulty, to eſcape into a houſe, but another prelate, who was with him in the carriage, received a very ſevere blow on his ſhoulder.

At preſent the Pariſians are amuſing themſelves by deſtroying the Baſtille. They have been pulling it down ſince the 14th of July, but have ſcarcely deſtroyed half of it yet, although a thouſand men are at work on it every day.

P.S.—At this moment, before cloſing this letter, I hear that yeſterday eleven women from Paris preſented themſelves at the National Aſſembly, demanding entrance. They were given leave to

go in and take ſeats, without its being known what it was they wanted. Theſe ladies preſented to the Preſident of the Aſſembly a caſe containing all their jewels, precious ſtones, necklaces, &c., &c. The Aſſembly received these gifts and the new-comers with loud shouts, and told them to take places during the ſittings of the Aſſembly.

Never before has it been my misfortune to write a letter of fifteen ſheets, but now that I have done ſo, do not expect another letter for at leaſt ſix months. I pray your high mightineſs, however, not to ceaſe your uſual letters, which, laconic though they be, ſerve to raiſe my ſpirits.

I forgot to tell you that the King, when he heard the cries of 'Long live the King!' on his way back from Verſailles, a cry which he had not heard on his arrival, leant out of his carriage and ſaid with much graciouſneſs to the people: 'My children ſay, "Long live the King!" and I aſſure you, as an honourable man, you ſhall not repent of doing ſo.' This ſhows that he is a good-natured perſon; and, indeed, they ſay he is a moſt mild individual. He reminds me of Melitus, the Biſhop of Epheſus; like him, he is fat, jolly, and fond of good living. There, my friend, that is enough for to-day.

Letter III.

31ſt December, 1789.

My dear Precentor,

It is about two months ſince I wrote to you a very long letter, and encloſed others for friends. This letter Dr. Schinas ought to have brought you, but he found a ſhip to take him ſtraight to Conſtantinople, ſo that he wrote to me he would ſend you the letters from thence. In that letter I deſcribed at great length the events which occurred here ſince laſt June, events ſtrange indeed and unexpected. From your Eminence I have no letter, ſo there is nothing for me to anſwer, as all the letters you have written to me are either kept priſoners at Malta or are loſt in the poſt. You gave one letter to Mr. Perache, who ought to have brought it himſelf, but he poſted it at Marſeilles and it was loſt, as it was ſure to be. My dear man, Paris is not like Smyrna. Here no letter ever reaches its deſtination unleſs the ſtreet and the number of the houſe to which it is to be delivered are clearly written upon it. But this is my loſs; if you only write once every three or four months, and theſe letters are loſt in the poſt, I ſhall have to conſider you as a dead man. The letters of all the in-

habited earth come over ſea and land and reach their deſtinations; it is only the letters of the Precentor of the church at Smyrna which ſeem to ſtick in one place or other.

Now, here is another misfortune. Laſt night I quite unexpectedly met Mr. Peter, who told me he had juſt come from Holland, and was then going to Smyrna. 'When?' I aſked. 'To-day,' ſaid he. Therefore I have no time to write.

I ſpent my whole morning in the library of St. Germain. At mid-day I returned to my houſe, where I have a great deal of writing to do. It is now half-paſt two o'clock, and I have not yet dined. I am finiſhing this letter, and have to go a journey of three-quarters of a mile to find my dinner. So good-bye.

Letter IV.

July 1ſt, 1790.

At laſt I have received your letter dated the 21ſt January—that is about ſix months after you wrote it, the reaſon of this being, as they write to me from Marſeilles, that the ſhip carrying it was ſhipwrecked on the coaſt of Spain. How this letter was ſaved, I do not know. I ſuppoſe it was

by ſome miracle, as the letter is larger and heavier than a bale of cotton. What pleaſed me not a little in your letter was the news you tell me of the ſtir there is among the Chriſtian population out there from the deep ſleep into which they had fallen.

[The letter begins with many references to the election of a new Archbiſhop, which would be of no general intereſt.—P. R.]

As we are on the topic of Archbiſhops, I may as well tell you what has been going on with reſpect to the clergy in the National Aſſembly. The Aſſembly, among the numerous reforms which it has carried out, has ſtripped the clergy of the boundleſs wealth which they had amaſſed from time to time, owing to the ſtupidity and ſuperſtition of the laity, and has allotted to each Biſhop an annual ſtipend proportionate to his neceſſities and the needs of his dioceſe. The wealth of the French clergy chiefly conſiſted of eſtates, and these are so numerous that, although it is almoſt ſix months ſince the Aſſembly took poſſeſſion of them, the ſchedule enumerating them is not yet complete. No one knows to how many millions the total will amount. It certainly is very wonderful that the rich and luxurious clergy

ſhould have been deprived of all this wealth. It will ſeem to you ſtill more extraordinary to hear who was the cauſe of this confiſcation. The originator of this, oh, my friend, has been the good and ſenſible perſon who was the Biſhop of Autun; a man young in years, a good ſpeaker, and with much ſenſe. He is a member of the Aſſembly. This wiſe prieſt roſe one day quite unexpectedly in the Aſſembly, and made a long and excellent ſpeech, in which he ſaid it was only fair that the wealth of the clergy ſhould now return to the State, ſo that part of the heavy debts which France had fallen into might be diſcharged. 'This,' he ſaid, 'is fair, as we have received this wealth from the State and have not inherited it from our parents; fair, becauſe our poſſeſſions are greater than befits the ſucceſſors and imitators of the Apoſtles; fair, becauſe this wealth has not been properly uſed; and laſtly, becauſe there is no other means by which we can return to that original humility of the ancient Church from which we have all wandered.' This and a good deal more ſpoke the ſainted Biſhop of Autun!! I leave you to imagine the fury and wrath of all the other Biſhops; they would have ſtrangled him if it had been in their power. They did all they

knew to prevent the Aſſembly hearing what the Biſhop of Autun ſaid. Seeing, however, that the Aſſembly had made up its mind to deſpoil them, they offered to give the Treaſury eight millions of francs if they would leave them the reſt. When they perceived that this would not do, they thought ſecretly to rouſe the people, as your Biſhop tried to do, but in this alſo they failed. The nation, as I wrote above, has now ſold the vineyards and palaces of theſe moſt holy and God-fearing men, the moſt ſainted and the moſt beatified, the moſt honoured and moſt powerful Archbiſhops and Biſhops; though it has given each one of them enough to live upon decently, and to aſſiſt, to a certain degree, the poor of their dioceſes. This is for the benefit of the Archbiſhops, whom, moreover, they have ordered to remain each one in his own dioceſe, and not to come to Paris as they uſed to do.

As to the reſt of the clergy, you know they have various orders calling themſelves by different names. Theſe orders, indeed, are more numerous than thoſe of the devils or of the angels. They have, moreover, innumerable monaſteries and convents endowed with boundleſs wealth, thanks to the ſuperſtition of the laity. Of this they have

been deſpoiled. Some orders have been ſuppreſſed, in other caſes two or three have been joined together in one convent, and to all in general the power of getting married has been granted. All the properties belonging to theſe bodies the Aſſembly has now begun ſelling, amid the groans and lamentations of the clergy.

With reſpect to the ariſtocracy, who are a race as hard and as haughty as the clergy, the Aſſembly has quite done away with the titles of nobility, and has decided that all men ſhall be equal, as being children of one father and mother, namely, father Adam and mother Eve. No longer is any one to be addreſſed by titles of nobility, nor are people to be High Mightineſſes or Excellencies, except perhaps Precentors, who may be allowed to keep their titles as being worſhippers of the Muſes.

I will now write you a little goſſip about the King of Pruſſia, which, probably, you have never heard out there. This miſerable King imagines himſelf to be the equal of, and even tries to rival, that ever-memorable hero, the King of Pruſſia, Frederick the Great. But the difference between them is as great as that between light and darkneſs. Among other virtues, it is ſaid that this

King drinks. He has for a long time abandoned his lawful wife, and lives with another woman. But this is a mere trifle. The moſt ridiculous and abſurd thing about the affair is that this idiot wrote to the Synod of the Lutherans, to which ſect he belongs, aſking its permiſſion to marry his miſtreſs with religious rites. The Synod anſwered that he was maſter to do whatever he liked. So, thereupon, the Queen being ſtill alive, he married the lady, Madame Oouroff. Another curious fact is that this ſame pious ruler is alſo ſomewhat ſuperſtitious. At the preſent moment he is a warm adherent and protector of a new hereſy, which has appeared within the laſt few years, called that of the Illuminated, or Swedenborgians. These Illuminated, among other ridiculous dogmas which they preach, ſay that they have holy viſions and continuous converſations with angels.

Letter V.

31ſt January, 1791.

What you write to me about the war is partly true ; we have heard it here a long while ago, but a good deal of what you relate has never taken place. I have no doubt you believe it as goſpel

truth out there. For inſtance, among theſe items of falſe news is no doubt the threatening diſpatch which you ſay was ſent by the Empreſs Catherine to the Sardanapalus of Pruſſia. The Empreſs Catherine is not only a powerful Empreſs, but alſo a woman of great genius, and none but a fool would ſend ſuch a diſpatch, as that which you imagine has been ſent, to a King who has 250,000 men under arms, and has alſo England for an ally.

The Engliſh have been preparing a great fleet for next ſpring, a fleet larger than they did when they were fighting the three nations, the Spaniards, the French, and the Americans. It is evident that England is not doing this without ſome vaſt ſcheme, as her debt is already enormous, and ſhe is, according to rumour, adding four millions to it by theſe new naval preparations. It is ſaid that part of this fleet is to ſail to the Baltic, to fight with the Ruſſians, or to prevent them, now they are rid of the Swedes, from ſending a fleet againſt the Turks. Others are of opinion that the Engliſh intend to ſail to the Archipelago, force their way into the Black Sea, and there fight the Ruſſians. Others again ſay that theſe preparations are made againſt France; but all theſe are mere rumours and gueſſes, and no one knows the real truth.

I wrote to you at great length laſt Auguſt about the troubles which we are now experiencing in France. I then wrote to you how they had deſpoiled the clergy. Many of theſe holy men, ſeeing their eſtates being ſold, rouſed themſelves like lions and, in every village and town, preached from the pulpit that the Holy Catholic and Apoſtolic Church was in danger of being abſolutely deſtroyed and ſtarved out of exiſtence. Murders, robberies, and other diſorders took place in many towns owing to this mob-oratory. The Aſſembly baniſhed ſome of the ſpeakers to Italy. In order, however, to ſtop their mouths, it was decreed that all the Archbiſhops, Biſhops, deacons, curates, and heads of monaſteries or orders ſhould take an oath that they accepted the new conſtitution, and that whoever refuſed to take this oath ſhould be deprived of his rank in the Church. Many accepted the oath, among the firſt the Biſhop of Autun. Many refuſed to take it. The oath was to be taken on the morning of the 9th of the preſent month, publicly in church, after Maſs. Many of the incumbents diſappeared on the Saturday in order to avoid taking the oath, so that on Sunday morning in many churches the congregation, not finding any celebrant or any

Maſs, was obliged to call in prieſts from other churches, and then on the Monday and following days they choſe new incumbents in the place of thoſe who had run away. I think I forgot to tell you that the Aſſembly had diminiſhed the number of prelates, having reduced them from a hundred and twenty to eighty-three, and having put them all on an equality, with the name of biſhops simply, as they were in the Primitive Church. The clergy conſider this an act of tyranny, as they ſtated it had never been granted to the State to increaſe or diminiſh the number of the holy ſhepherds. They were told that at all times the Emperors of Conſtantinople had had power to diminiſh or to increaſe the boundaries of the eccleſiaſtical dioceſes, according to the wiſhes of the civil government, as indeed is proved by the canon of the Œcumenical Council of Chalcedon, in which the fathers of the Church ſay this: 'If ever the civil arrangements of a city are altered by Royal decree, then let the arrangements of the eccleſiaſtical pariſhes follow the political and civil diviſions.' By this the fathers aſſembled in council evidently admit that the diminution, increaſe, or alteration of the area or boundaries of any eccleſiaſtical diviſion is a work

which comes within the province of the Emperor and not of the clergy.

The Biſhop of Autun not only took the oath willingly, but wrote a paſtoral letter to the clergy of his dioceſe aſking them to do likewiſe without diſcuſſion, and proved to them from Holy Writ that it is againſt Divine law for the prieſt to oppoſe the laws of his country, ſo long as they do not touch upon queſtions of dogma.

In one village the incumbent entered the pulpit on the day of taking the oath and preached a ſermon againſt the Aſſembly. His pariſhioners, whilſt the ſermon was going on, ſlipped out of church, entered the vicarage, turned out the whole of the furniture and put it on a cart. When the preacher had finiſhed his ſermon and left the church, the villagers ſaid in a moſt reſpectful way, 'Moſt holy ſir, here is all your furniture packed ready for a journey; tell us now where you wiſh it to be ſent.' The unfortunate incumbent, much aſtoniſhed at this extraordinary act, ſaid to them, 'My beloved children, have pity on me; I have lived with you for ſo many years. Where do you wiſh that I ſhould go now in my old age?' 'Go wherever you like,' anſwered the villagers; 'we for our own part abſolutely refuſe to have

anything to do with a paſtor who oppoſes the laws of the country.' And in fact the unfortunate ſhepherd was obliged, very unwillingly, to leave the place. It would take too long to tell you the innumerable comic incidents to which this oath-taking has led, and I have only quoted the above as a ſample of what has been taking place in many villages and towns. The greater part of the people, however, have entirely loſt any faith in or reſpect for the clergy, as they think they have been trying to ſtir up ſtrife and diſorder. Many of the clerical order have proved themſelves to be the friends of peace and quiet; many of them have taken the oath, and have written pamphlets to perſuade their colleagues to do the ſame, and obey the powers that be, according to the words of Saint Paul. Amongſt others are the Abbé Gregoire and the Abbé Gobel, who are both members of the General Aſſembly. Of the Biſhop of Autun there is no need to repeat what I have ſo often told you before, that he muſt be a very wiſe man! He has iſſued, within the laſt few months, ſeveral pamphlets concerning the ſituation, which are written with great ability, and with a deep knowledge of public affairs. There is alſo in the ſame Aſſembly a Dominican

as wiſe as he is, and who has often preached to the great ſatisfaction of his hearers. This man before being elected to the Aſſembly, when he was ſtill at Montpellier, publiſhed a very learned book concerning the mythology of ancient Greece. But of all the orators of the Aſſembly, of courſe Mirabeau is the greateſt. He is to-day here what Demoſthenes was at Athens in his time. Whenever he opens his mouth the unfortunate clergy ſeem poſſeſſed of the devil. They have their great champion, the Abbé Maury, as againſt Mirabeau, but the rhetoric of Maury, when compared with that of Mirabeau, is as the babbling of a child compared to the arguments of a grown-up man. This is where they differ; but, on the other hand, it is ſaid that in one matter they are alike, being the two greateſt ſcoundrels in the whole of France. Of Mirabeau eſpecially, it is ſaid that there is no vice in the world in which he has not indulged. Before the Aſſembly came together he was at the Court of Pruſſia, where he received much attention from the reigning Sardanapalus. On his return to France, in order to ſhow his gratitude to the Pruſſian Court, he publiſhed an anonymous book in which he ſhowed up all their vices. I tell you this in order that

you may underſtand why it is ſaid our dear friend is really the devil, who has taken to himſelf the ſhape of a man. Nevertheleſs, the great and brilliant qualities of his mind have endeared Mirabeau to the country, which conſiders him the neceſſary man, ſince it is the almoſt unanimous opinion that, without him, things would not have made even as much progreſs as they have done. He has never opened his mouth without carrying the Aſſembly with him. His eloquence is that of a mountain torrent, ſwollen by the winter rain, which, in its overwhelming current ſweeps away trees, cattle, houſes, and which nothing can ſtop in its wild career. I had forgotten to tell you that in this matter of the new diviſion of the eccleſiaſtical dioceſes, and of the oath, Mirabeau has been the firſt to approach the King with propoſals of peace. The latter, in order to shut the mouths of the clergy, wiſhed to take the opinion of the Pope of Rome, hoping that if his Holineſs would conſent to theſe meaſures, the clergy would be unable to oppoſe them. The King therefore wrote to his Holineſs asking his opinion concerning the decrees of the Aſſembly, but in a way which gave the Pope to underſtand that, in the words of the old pro-

verb: 'Needs muſt when the devil drives.' This took place about two months ago, and we have not yet received the anſwer of Rome; it is ſometimes ſaid that the Pope is ill, then that the Holy Synod of Cardinals has not been aſſembled, or other ſimilar fooliſh reaſons are given for the delay. Inſtead of ſending a reply, the Moſt Holy Pope of Rome has declared a Jubilee, and alſo a general faſt and prayer that the faithful may implore God, whoſe Church is now in danger, to uphold the ſupremacy of Rome. The Pope, when Rome had the power of binding, uſed to bind kings and nations without having recourſe to prayers; but now, when ſhe has loſt that power, he calls for faſts and prayers to ſerve the purpoſe. The people here, however, have not waited for anſwers from Rome or anywhere elſe; they have ſettled their own affairs as they intended to do from the beginning.

But, as we are on the ſubject of the Moſt Holy See, whoſe bleſſing I pray may reſt upon your head, perhaps I ought to tell you of another terrible trial which has befallen the Pope in theſe latter days. I ſuppoſe you know that the diſtrict of Avignon, although it is really in France, and is part of this country, has, for the laſt four hundred

years, been among the dominions of the Pope. Laſt June the inhabitants of Avignon, being really French in language and race, ſeeing the political changes which were taking place in France, roſe againſt the authority of the Pope, turned out the legate, who was his repreſentative and governor, took down from the palace the arms of the Holy See, namely, the keys of Paradiſe, and ſubſtituted for them the arms of France. They, at the ſame time, wrote to the Aſſembly and to the King that, being Frenchmen, they again united themſelves with France, and were not willing, under any circumſtances, to be governed by prieſts. It was difficult for the Aſſembly to come to a deciſion on this point. If they did not agree to their union with France, the unfortunate inhabitants of Avignon would have been left unprotected to the tender mercies of the Moſt Holy Pope. On the other hand, if the incorporation with France were accepted, it was moſt probable that the Aſſembly would rouſe the jealouſy and hatred of the neighbouring kings, and that at a time when France requires peace and quiet in order to carry out the projected reforms. It would have been fooliſh to rouſe up enemies outſide, when there were already ſo many within the country. The

debate in the Aſſembly was long, ſome ſaying that the Avignoneſe ought to be accepted, whilſt others, chiefly among the nobles and clergy, ſaid that it was wrong to deprive the Pope of this province. The firſt said that the province had been ſeized by Pope Clement the Sixth, in the year 1304, from the Queen of Naples, Joanna, as the price of forgiveneſs for murder, the ſaid Joanna having cauſed her firſt huſband to be aſſaſſinated. The ſecond party ſaid that Clement had paid Joanna the ſum of 800,000 ducats for the province. However this may be, and about this there is no certainty, ſince hiſtorians differ, the Moſt Holy Clement, the repreſentative and ſucceſſor of Chriſt upon earth, of Him Who had nowhere to lay His head, succeeded in filching this whole province from the murdereſs, Joanna. Laſt of all, Mirabeau ſpoke; and he propoſed a compromiſe, by means of which, on the one hand, the inhabitants of Avignon ſhould not be left to the vengeance of Rome, and, on the other, the jealouſy of the neighbouring kings ſhould not be rouſed by the open annexation of the province to France. The opinion of Mirabeau was that the King of France ſhould ſend a few regiments to Avignon in order to put down the troubles and to

prevent diſturbances in the future, and that theſe regiments ſhould ſtay there for the preſent, leaving the deciſion of the Aſſembly to be arrived at at ſome future time.* This propoſal was carried. At the preſent moment Avignon is occupied by French troops, without, however, any declaration having been made of its annexation to France. To-day, the 24th of January, Paris is again in a ſtate of abſolute confuſion. Some of the ſoldiers of a regiment of Chaſſeurs attacked the ſoldiers of another regiment, and ſeveral men of both regiments were killed. I will now break off my letter to go and find out what has really happened, as no one actually ſeems to know the exact truth.

I am back again, and reſume my letter. There has been a tremendous riot ; ſeven or eight people were killed, and fifteen were wounded, among them two women. It is ſuſpected that this riot was the reſult of a conſpiracy on the part of the clergy. This is the kind of thing which we expected the other day, but even this is not enough. The Emperor Leopold, who, as you know, is the brother of the Queen of France, is ſuſpected by ſome of a deſign to attack France ſuddenly with an immenſe army, to revenge the inſults to his

* Cairo, 1882 ?

ſiſter, and to enable her to eſcape the danger of being murdered. There is, however, no open or viſible ſign of any ſuch intention. Should the ſuſpected project be true, it will cauſe a frightful amount of bloodſhed throughout the whole of France. Pray therefore, oh, my friend, that the reſult may not be the loſs of my life, together with that of my beloved edition of Hippocrates.

As I wrote you, the debts of France amount to ſome 300,000,000 francs. The property of the clergy was ſuppoſed to be about equal to this; but it is ſaid now that the value of their eſtates will amount to nearly double this ſum. Did you ever hear of the ſucceſſors of the Apoſtles being poſſeſſed of ſuch mountains of wealth?

The Aſſembly has now aboliſhed all the diſtinguiſhing habits worn by the different orders of monks. You know, I ſuppoſe, that here there are different orders, bearing different names and dreſſed in different habits of various ſhapes and colours; whereas the Orthodox Church has, with greater wiſdom, always decided that there ſhould be only one monaſtic order, and only one dreſs.

The Biſhops, in future, are to be elected by the people. This I conſider to be an excellent change. Cyprian and Athanaſius were elected to their ſees

by the people, and certainly were excellent biſhops. It is ſaid that the voice of the people is the voice of God. The Popes are elected by the College of Cardinals, who are ſuppoſed to be enlightened by the Holy Ghoſt; but as moſt of the Popes have been wolves preying upon their flocks rather than ſhepherds, I am rather puzzled to know what ſpirit it is that has enlightened the Cardinals to elect them!

Letter VI.

20th April, 1791.

I fear I do not quite remember at what point I ſtopped my account of the political changes which are taking place in France. I think, if I am not wrong, I told you that they had changed the incumbents in all the pariſhes, both in the town and the country—at leaſt, all thoſe who had refuſed to take the oath to the new conſtitution; they alſo diſmiſſed all the Biſhops who were oppoſed to this oath, who naturally are furious at the change, and are trying in every way to rouſe the people and to light up, if it were poſſible to do ſo in this world, the flames of hell. At the beginning the public were ſomewhat deceived, but

they gradually began to ſee that the new ſtate of things would be far better for them. The Biſhop of Lydda (in partibus) has been made Archbiſhop of Paris, and the former Archbiſhop is now an exile in the Kingdom of Sardinia, whence he writes frantic diatribes againſt the new Archbiſhop and his ſuffragans, and accuſes them of having unjuſtly taken poſſeſſion of his epiſcopal throne.

The anſwer of the Holy Roman Father has arrived, but it has not been publiſhed, becauſe it is generally ſaid to be ſo extremely ſtupid that it has vexed even the oppoſing clergy, who were looking forward to this paſtoral letter as an anchor by which the labouring ſhip of the State might be ſteadied. The Moſt Holy Father, however, has written a public letter to the Biſhop of Toulouſe whom he made a Cardinal about two years ago, and in this letter he upbraids him ſeverely for the oath which he has taken to the new political conſtitution. The Biſhop has anſwered the Pope that the oath which he took is, in his own opinion, neither oppoſed to the Goſpels nor to the deciſions of the Œcumenical Councils, and, in order to ſhow his Holineſs in a practical manner how little he cares for the words of Rome, he has returned the cardinal's hat to him.

And now about the convents. You probably know that, in the city of Paris, there are many convents of women, each of which has its own church and its own officiating prieſts. Many of theſe convent chaplains having refuſed to take the oath, have been deprived of their offices, and others have been appointed to ſay Maſs, and to hear the confeſſions of theſe fooliſh women. In ſome of the convents the Lady Abbeſs, with the remaining nuns, has abſolutely refuſed to receive the new prieſts.

Theſe incidents have troubled us very much, but there are many other circumſtances in addition which add to the confuſion. Not the leaſt of theſe has been the perſonal danger in which the King has been placed. The King has many enemies among the nobles and the clergy, who attribute all theſe changes to his weakneſs of character, and ſay that if he had only cut off the heads of a hundred people at the beginning, the Revolution would never have taken place. Some of theſe people ſtirred up the mob on the 28th of February laſt, to go and pull down a priſon (Vincennes) about a league outſide Paris, telling them it was intended to fortify the building and make it into a ſecond Baſtille. It is ſaid that their

object was then to ſend ſoldiers out of Paris to defend this priſon, ſo as to deprive the King of his guards, and then to take this opportunity of murdering him. The people ruſhed towards the priſon for the purpoſe of pulling it down ; the General commanding Paris followed with the whole garriſon. At that ſame moment many of the nobles went to the palace after the King's dinner, as is cuſtomary. The few lifeguards who had remained with the King, ſeeing that the numbers were greater than uſual, began to ſuſpect ſomething, and ſent news of this to the General. He, without loſing any time, returned to Paris, and, entering the King's apartment, told him he did not like to ſee the large gathering of nobles who were ſtanding about in the neighbouring rooms. The King then went out and aſked why it was that there were ſo many people about there. They ſaid that there was confuſion in the whole town, and that they had come to the palace for the purpoſe of protecting the King, if it were neceſſary. The King then diſmiſſed them, ſaying that he did not require their help. They diſperſed, but ſome were arreſted, and, it is ſaid, hidden daggers were found on ſeveral of them.

Scarcely was this trouble over, when the two

aunts of the King, being entirely under the influence of the Biſhops and the clergy, and thinking that the Holy Roman and Apoſtolic Church was in danger of being entirely deſtroyed in France, decided to go to Rome. This gave riſe to ſome tumults, the people being reſolved to ſtop this journey. They went to the King and aſked him to ſtop his aunts from going abroad. The King anſwered that, although he was ſorry to loſe the ſociety of his relations, it was certainly not within his power or deſire to ſtop their travelling, if they wiſhed ſo to do. After ſome delay theſe ladies departed to eat the Paſchal Lamb in Rome, with the Holy Repreſentative of Chriſt, who, it is ſaid, received them with much ſplendour.

Only a few perſons celebrated Eaſter this year in Paris, being unwilling to receive the Sacrament from the hands of the new prieſts, whom they conſidered to be ſchiſmatics. If both the people who hold theſe opinions and the Pope remain firm in this policy, it is probable that we ſhall ſee a religious ſchiſm in this country, and that a few, the ſmaller portion, will remain with the former Biſhops and prieſts and the Pope, while the vaſt majority will altogether ſeparate from Rome. This I think more likely, as I notice the abſolute

contempt in which the Biſhop of Rome is held in this country. In a town in France, the name of which I forget, the following curious incident occurred. The mob lit a great bonfire in the middle of the town, and publicly burnt a copy of the Pope's Paſtoral Letter to the Biſhop of Toulouſe. Here they ridiculed this Paſtoral Letter even on the ſtage. The newſpapers daily contain every kind of ſarcaſtic comment upon his Holineſs. In other words, the Pope has become a mere object of ſneers and laughter throughout the whole of France. Whilſt I wrote you this news, I ſee that others out there are in the ſame plight, others out there who, inſtead of being ſhepherds, are wolves, who, in their hearts, mock at our religion, who govern like tyrants and not like ſhepherds, and who intend to rule this earth, although they are the vice-gerents of Him who ſaid, 'My kingdom is not of this world.'

In a former letter I wrote to you about Mirabeau. This French Demoſthenes has been ſnatched away by death in his forty-fifth year. He died courageouſly and philosophically, his mind being perfectly clear, for he was ſpeaking and writing upon political matters to the laſt, and ſhowed no fear of death. He ſaid that death is

nothing but a long ſleep, and felt it would be his laſt. On the day of his death all the theatres were cloſed as a ſign of mourning, and, inſtead of the uſual advertiſement which is poſted at the doors of the theatres, there was at each one a notice saying, 'The Liberator of France is dead.' On the day before his death he ſpoke of Pitt, the Prime Miniſter of England, and called him the 'Miniſter of Preparation.' This he meant as a ſarcaſm, as it is ſuppoſed that Pitt is always preparing and constantly threatening, without ever daring to draw his ſword. 'If I do not die, I hope one day to make myſelf a ſtumbling-block to him and his policy,' was what Mirabeau ſaid, as of courſe it was more than likely that he would have one day become Prime Miniſter here. At his death his ſecretary was ſo overwhelmed with grief that he tried to commit ſuicide, and was only ſtopped from doing ſo by ſome of the people who happened to be in the houſe. To deſcribe the pomp of his funeral would require a letter of twelve ſheets. In the firſt place they opened his body to ſee if he had been poiſoned, as was ſtrongly ſuſpected; no trace of poiſon, however, was found. The funeral ſtarted at ſix o'clock in the afternoon, and reached the church at midnight.

Twelve thouſand ſoldiers preceded the body, which was borne on a hearſe draped in black; behind the hearſe came all the miniſters, and a deputation from the Aſſembly. Behind them marched 4000 more ſoldiers, and an immenſe crowd of people. The ſquares and ſtreets of the city, the doors, the roofs, the windows, and trees were covered with thouſands of ſpectators. I alſo went out to ſee the ſhow, and in the crowd ſome one ſtole my handkerchief. If you had been here, I have no doubt you would have been pleaſed to ſee this extraordinary ſight at ſo ſmall a coſt. Never before had ſuch a funeral been granted to an Emperor or King, or Pope or Patriarch, or even to a Precentor! They have given Mirabeau the title of the French Demoſthenes, and have erected a ſtatue to him, on the pedeſtal of which they have put the words which he uſed at one of the early ſittings of the Aſſembly. You will probably remember that when the Aſſembly firſt came together, and when the three Eſtates were apparently unable to agree, the King, by the advice of his then miniſters, and in order to prevent things from getting into the ſtate in which they are now, ſent a meſſenger to the Aſſembly with an order to diſmiſs it. This unexpected

meſſage troubled the Aſſembly much, and, if they had at that moment been obedient to the Royal decree, and had diſperſed, there is no doubt that they never would have been re-aſſembled. At this moment of panic, Mirabeau alone kept his head. Riſing in his ſeet, he thus addreſſed the meſſenger of the Court: 'Go and tell thoſe who ſent you that we are here by the will of the whole of France, and by no other power but that of the ſword are we to be driven from this chamber.' The words infuſed courage into all the Aſſembly, and ſo frightened the Court, that the Aſſembly was left alone, and allowed to act as it was then doing, and has done till the preſent time. Theſe are the words which are to be inſcribed on the pedeſtal of his ſtatue. The moſt curious part of this event is that his enemies—the clergy and the nobles—are grieved at his death, the fact being that they always hoped to bribe him to join their ſide; and, indeed, ſuch was the power of his voice, that if he had gone over to them he would have helped them greatly, for in his mouth black became white and white black, as he choſe. He belonged to the claſs of the nobles. According to the old conſtitution of France, the nobles were not allowed to enter into trade of any ſort, without

forfeiting the privilege of nobility. When the King called the General Aſſembly together, and writs were ſent to all the towns and rural diſtricts for the purpoſe of electing members, Mirabeau —being then at Marſeilles—in order to ingratiate himſelf with the people, and to be elected by them, threw aſide his nobility and opened a ſhop, took a meaſuring-tape in his hand, and began ſelling cloth. This device ſucceeded ; they choſe him as their member, and ſent him to Paris, where he very ſoon aſtoniſhed the Aſſembly by his extraordinary ability and eloquence. I ſuppoſe you have heard of the famous Fox, who is the Mirabeau of England. They ſay here that ſome one aſked Fox his opinion of Mirabeau, upon which he anſwered, 'If Mirabeau had not exiſted, I ſhould be the firſt man in the world.'

Next July the General Aſſembly will be diſſolved, and a new one elected in its place, as it has been enacted that there ſhall be a general election every two years. Meanwhile, the troubles and daily riots have not ceaſed, and God only knows when they will come to an end.

To theſe internal troubles you muſt alſo add that the neighbouring kings, and eſpecially the Emperor, who is the brother of the Queen of

France, will attack us ſo ſoon as he has made his peace with Turkey, his object being to overturn the new Conſtitution and reinſtate things as they were before. If this takes place, torrents of blood will flow.

Letter VII.

3rd May, 1791.

Laſt week, the much-talked-of reply of our Moſt Bleſſed Father, the Pope of Rome, arrived. This Pastoral Letter is addreſſed to all the Biſhops of France. In it he praiſes thoſe who refuſed to take the oath, and cenſures thoſe who took it, eſpecially thoſe Biſhops who were elected in the room of the recuſants. He pronounces all theſe appointments invalid and againſt canon law, and threatens to cut off the holders from communion with the Holy Catholic and Apoſtolic Church unleſs they recant at once, and deſcend from those episcopal thrones into which they have impiouſly dared to thruſt themſelves. In order to ſhow that theſe events are attacks upon the canon law of the Holy Church, the Pope heaps up teſtimony upon teſtimony of the Fathers, chiefly the Weſtern ones, all of them ſophiſtically fooliſh and none of

them to the point. Such a paſtoral letter, written at ſuch a time, is one worthy of a Merry-Andrew. The people, being furious with what they conſider ſuch a piece of inſolence on the part of the Pope, have burnt his effigy, dreſſed in his holy robes, with his croſs on his breaſt, and his paſtoral ring on his finger. There were two inſcriptions written on the figure, one, 'Superſtition,' and the other, 'Civil War,' in order to ſhow that, in their opinion, the object of the Pope had been ſimply to ſtir up civil war in France. After having dreſſed up the image in this way, they carried it round the town, and this morning, namely, the 3rd of May, having made a large bonfire in one of the ſquares of the city, they firſt read the Papal Encyclical, and then threw it into the flames. They next took the ring off the finger of the image, and the croſs from its breaſt, in order to ſhow that their rage was not againſt religion, but againſt the ſo-called firſt Archbiſhop of that religion, and, having done this, they threw the poor image into the fire. Can you conceive ſuch a proceeding as poſſible? I leave it to you to think how pleaſed the Pope will be when he hears that he has been burnt in effigy. If he does not keep quiet, and accept the new Archbiſhops and Biſhops,

he will probably loſe his ſupremacy in France, as he did formerly in thoſe countries which are now Proteſtant. In France, Roman Catholiciſm is ſneered at, and nothing would ſurpriſe me leſs than their abandoning the Roman faith.

12th February, 1792.

You will remember what I told you about the new hereſy of the Swedenborgians, or the Illuminated. One of them has lately propheſied that on the 29th day of February, at a quarter paſt one, the end of the world will come, followed by the Laſt Judgment. So I now write to give you my farewell ſalutation, wiſhing you a happy death, and a place on the right hand of the judgment-ſeat.

I ſuppoſe you know that by this time peace has been concluded between Turkey and Ruſſia, and alſo that it was ſigned on the 9th of January, New Style, and was a great triumph for the Empreſs Catherine. Among the many articles are the two following:—(1) The Sublime Porte pays twelve millions of piaſtres to Ruſſia for the expenſes of the war; and (2) Turkey conſents never to diſmiſs the Governor of Moldavia without good cauſe, and without the conſent of the Ruſſian Miniſter in Conſtantinople. This

article of peace is a crafty means by which the Empreſs Catherine can find a reaſon for war whenever ſhe likes, and I am willing to wager that five years will not paſs before war takes place between the two countries. The talk about the twelve millions of piaſtres was alſo a trick of the Empreſs Catherine, by which ſhe has ſecured a triumph againſt Pitt, the King of Sweden, and the madman of Berlin. As ſoon as the treaty had been ſigned on both ſides, the plenipotentiary addreſſed the repreſentative of the Porte and ſaid, 'Now that the war is over, I have no doubt that Turkey will fulfil all her obligations, but, nevertheleſs, my ſovereign, in her generoſity, having abundant treaſure and troops enough to fight all her enemies, cancels the indemnity clauſe.' The Turks were much aſtoniſhed at this, and you can well underſtand what cunning dictated her conduct. In the firſt place, it has greatly impreſſed the minds of the Turks, who are aſtoniſhed to find that their enemy is ſo ſtrong that ſhe can afford to give up the promiſed indemnity of twelve millions of piaſtres. Secondly, the Empreſs endears herſelf to the common people of the Turkiſh Empire, as they well know that, in order to raiſe this twelve millions of piaſtres, many new taxes would have

been impoſed upon them. And, thirdly, ſhe prepares an excuſe for future war, as no doubt, at ſome future time, having picked a quarrel with the unlucky Turks, ſhe will add the charge of ingratitude to the many others ſhe will bring againſt them.

In my former letter I announced to you the death of Prince Potemkin, and told you of the immenſe fortune he left to his relatives. He died at the age of fifty-two. He is ſaid to have been either a monk or a boy ſerving in a monaſtery, and he managed, by ſome means, to make his way into the Imperial Court, after which he gradually roſe to that great height from which death has caſt him down. His death has probably been a benefit to the Empreſs Catherine, and alſo to the Greeks. His immenſe fortune, and the blind obedience which the army paid him, made him dangerous, whilſt it is the opinion of moſt perſons, and, I think, a correct one, that if he had ever entered Conſtantinople he would have proclaimed himſelf Emperor of the Eaſt. He was a man cruel, unjuſt, obſtinate ; in other words, a real tyrant.

I have not time to write more to-day, but your curioſity is always preſſing me to tell you about

this unhappy country, so that, indeed, I do not know where to begin or where to end. When you receive and read this preſent letter, proſtrate yourſelf mentally before the genius of Mirabeau, and light candles before it as before an image, for that extraordinarily able man foretold and propheſied, on his death-bed, all the innumerable woes in which we are plunged to-day, beſides thoſe which we ſee coming upon us from every ſide. The ſtate of this country is ſo terrible that even the enemies of Mirabeau wiſh he were back again. He alone would have been capable of bringing us out of the labyrinth of misfortune in which we find ourſelves. Men of the loweſt character, who during the life of Mirabeau dared not open their mouths, have ſince his death taken a great part in politics, and, under the plea of liberty, brought about general confuſion. The clergy, on the other hand, are doing all they can to bring us back to our former condition. Add to this the civil war now raging in French America, where the negro ſlaves have riſen, have ſlaughtered thouſands of French coloniſts—men, women, and children—and deſtroyed numerous coffee and ſugar plantations, ſo that the price of theſe commodities has riſen enormouſly. Sugar

has doubled in price, and this great riſe has ſtirred up the wrath of the mob, who have plundered many ſhops, from which they took ſugar or whatever elſe they could lay their hands upon. This riot laſted three days, the 22nd, the 23rd, and the 24th of January, and we expect a renewal of ſuch tumults. There is no more coin in the country, but, inſtead of coin, they are iſſuing paper, which is already at forty per cent. diſcount. But theſe misfortunes are ſmall to what we ſee coming.

The two brothers of the King, the Prince de Condé, and the unworthy brother of Mirabeau, are collecting troops in Germany. They are helped in this by the Emperor Francis, the King of Sweden, and the King of Portugal. Their purpoſe is to attack us next ſpring. This terrible coalition has for a long time been ſecretly coming together, but now the members thereof ſeem to have thrown off the maſk. It is, however, doubtful whether they really mean to invade the country or merely to threaten us. There is no queſtion that another reaſon for their delay has been their inability up to the preſent to get England on their ſide, becauſe it is ſaid that, although Pitt is anxious to go to war with France,

he fears public opinion, eſpecially after his failure, in the propoſed expedition to Okſakow. There is another reaſon for delay, and that is the Kings are not agreed among themſelves. For, on the one hand, ſome of them wiſh to reſtore the abſolute deſpotiſm of the French King, as it exiſted before theſe changes took place, whilſt others think this impoſſible, and wiſh to ſet up a ſecond chamber, compoſed of the nobility, in addition to the democratic chamber which we have at preſent, and then to form a conſtitution like that of England, where the National Aſſembly is divided into two parts, the upper and the lower. This is like the old conſtitution of Athens, where there was a Senate compoſed of the nobles, together with an Aſſembly of the people. For my own part, I think this would have been a good plan if it had been thought of at the beginning; but now the people have been excited to ſuch hatred againſt all the upper claſſes that I feel it would be impoſſible to ſet up ſuch a conſtitution without much bloodſhed. I have kept back this letter, and to-day is the firſt of March. I really do not know if the prophecy of the Swedenborgians concerning the 29th of February has come true in other places, but here nothing has happened. We

are ſtill alive, but ſurrounded by fears of every ſort.

The coalition of the Kings of Europe is ſtill threatening not only us, but unfortunate Poland alſo. You may have heard that the Poles changed their conſtitution laſt May. Ruſſia principally objected to this change, but could then do nothing, as ſhe was engaged in her war with Turkey. Being now free from the Turks, ſhe is anxious to have her finger in the Poliſh pie. Great and extraordinary events are preparing throughout the whole of Europe, and we are living in a century pregnant with many changes. In our days we have ſeen the deſtruction of the Jeſuits, the partition of Poland, the change of dynaſty in Sweden, the rebellion of the American colonies againſt England and their conſtitution under an autonomous democracy, the enſlaving of Holland under the Stadtholder by the help of the King of Pruſſia, the revolution in Brabant foſtered by England and Pruſſia, and laſt but not leaſt, theſe extraordinary changes here. Aſſuredly we muſt think that the inviſible hand of Providence is governing theſe matters.

15th March, 1792.

Who would have believed that the young Emperor is dead, in the flower of his youth, after an illneſs of only three days, of a rheumatic fever? This unexpected event has created much joy among the people of France, but great grief at Court. Many think that this death is our ſalvation, becauſe, if nothing elſe, we gain time. Moreover, it is rumoured that the King of Pruſſia deſires to become German Emperor, and, if this ſhould take place, our enemies will be fighting amongſt themſelves as to who is to have the Imperial Crown. According to the old conſtitution of the Germanic Empire, that of the Golden Bull, the German Emperor is required to be a Catholic, whereas the King of Pruſſia is a Calviniſt. This, however, would be no obſtacle, as the dear old King of Pruſſia would turn Turk, if the Turks would make him Emperor of Byzantium.

I told you that Poland changed her conſtitution laſt year. This change took place with the conſent of the King and of the whole Aſſembly, except two members, namely Reſewoſki and Potowſki. Theſe two are now being protected by Ruſſia in order that they may ſtir up ſtrife in

their country. The object of this change is to make the throne of Poland hereditary, and not elective, as it has been up to the preſent. They ſent to the Elector of Saxony and offered him the throne after the death of the preſent King, the throne to go to him and his deſcendants. The Elector of Saxony, being afraid of Ruſſia on the one hand, and, on the other, wiſhing for the throne of Poland, has not yet anſwered yes or no, but is waiting his time to ſee how matters will ſhape themſelves.

The people here, ſeeing that England alone has not joined the coalition of their enemies, ſent the Biſhop of Autun on a ſecret miſſion to London for the purpoſe of making an alliance. If this could be brought about our foreign troubles would come to an end, as England would draw Pruſſia to her ſide, for if Pruſſia deſires the Imperial Crown of Germany, ſhe would no doubt break off her alliance with the Emperor Francis. Crafty Pitt has not yet given us any clear anſwer, but is waſting time and holding out hopes to us which are probably vain. Here all matters are in ſuch a puzzling condition that none are able to foretell or forecaſt the future. The French have entirely loſt their heads, and you

hear nothing but ſhouts of 'Death or Liberty!' Laſt week three hundred women went to the Aſſembly and demanded arms in order that they might drill themſelves as ſoldiers and defend the fatherland. All theſe are curious and ſtrange events, but it is impoſſible for any ſenſible perſon either to praiſe or blame them until we can ſee a little further. The French imagine themſelves to be emulating the warlike feats of the ancient Greeks; but when the Greeks with three hundred Spartans at Thermopylæ and a few ſhips at Salamis broke the power of Perſia, they were ſtill a people who had preſerved their priſtine virtues. Afterwards, when corruption aroſe amongſt them, they fell at the feet of Alexander and his ſucceſſors. Liberty without civic virtues cannot laſt, and theſe people here, eſpecially the people of Paris, are corrupt to the marrow. The only ſalvation for this country would be a change in its manners and cuſtoms.

6th April, 1792.

The Biſhop of Bourges propoſed in the Aſſembly to-day that all monks and prieſts, and, indeed, all the clergy of France, ſhould wear the ſame dreſs as the laity. The Aſſembly at once

unanimouſly decreed that all diſtinctive dreſs for the clergy ſhould be aboliſhed, and the clergy are no longer to wear garments different from thoſe of the laity, except the uſual veſtments in church, when they are ſinging veſpers or ſaying Maſs.

Letter VIII.

18*th April*, 1792.

On the 15th I wrote you a very long letter, at the end of which I mentioned that the news had arrived of the death of the King of Sweden. We are living in the midſt of ſuch extraordinary and numerous events that it is impoſſible for me any longer to write you an ordinary letter, but I ſhall note what happens from day to day, and ſend you the news in the ſhape of a journal.

[Here follows an account of the various negotiations between France and the German coalition. Koray, evidently under the impreſſion that the King was in real harmony with the Aſſembly, ſtates that his Majeſty, of his own free will propoſed that France ſhould declare war againſt the German Empire, ſo he adds, 'At the

requeſt of the King, the Aſſembly, on the 20th of April, declared war againſt the King of Hungary.']

21ſt April, 1792.

War was declared laſt night, and at midnight three hundred meſſengers were ſent off to the various towns and villages announcing the deciſion of the Aſſembly, and with orders that the French troops ſhould move towards the frontiers of Germany. It remains now to be ſeen whether the allies of Francis will come to his aid. If this ſhould be ſo, as is moſt likely, our poſition will be a dangerous one, although I think that, even in that caſe, there are great hopes that we ſhall be able to vanquiſh the enemy. The French are full of vanity and boaſting, and if they ſucceed and are able to conquer this coalition of their enemies, and to eſtabliſh their new conſtitution, all the wild horſes of Theſſaly would not be able to keep a ſingle one of them in order, not even to ſave the whole nation. Should, however, a panic ſet in, which I think is quite poſſible, they will become the laughing-ſtock of Europe.

April 22nd, 23rd, and 24th.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the joy, enthuſiaſm

and excitement which the declaration of war has ſpread through the whole country. During the laſt few days many have gone to the Aſſembly and offered gifts of money and other things towards the expenſes of the war. A certain German called Clootz, a man who is full of learning and ability, but rather mad, has offered twelve thouſand French livres as his ſubſcription to the war. A member of the Aſſembly propoſed that none of theſe voluntary gifts ſhould be uſed for the expenſes of the war, but a proclamation should be inſerted in all the newſpapers of the country announcing that theſe ſums would be put aſide as rewards for any of the ſoldiers among the armies of the enemy who ſhould deſert the ſtandards of the other Kings and come over to the French, and that theſe deſerters ſhould be promiſed land taken from the eſtates of thoſe nobles who had fled from the country. This is a ſomewhat novel method of ſowing diſſenſion among the armies of the enemy, and, if it has any effect, no doubt it will be a bad thing for the Kings of the coalition. This war is not like any other. If the French follow the example of the warriors about whoſe likeneſs to themſelves they are always boaſting, it will be a bloody and

a cruel one, but it is alſo poſſible that they may collapſe in a panic, and then it will become a farce. For my own part I really hope that they may get through it with a 'white face.' As I wrote you above, the joy in conſequence of the declaration of war is general throughout the whole country. A friend of the people ſaid that if France is ſucceſsful the new conſtitution will be confirmed; the clergy alſo are expectant becauſe they hope that if the enemy are ſucceſsful, they will be reſtored to their former power and glory. Here, however, they are wrong, becauſe even if France is conquered, it will be impoſſible for the clergy to reſume their enormous property, as it will then be uſed for paying off the debts of the King, and alſo the expenſes which muſt be cauſed by the war, whether ſucceſsful or the reverſe.

25th April, 1792.

The voluntary gifts ſtill come pouring in. I think I told you it is rumoured that Ruſſia is ſending a fleet of twenty-nine veſſels of war to the Mediterranean. The opinion of ſome is that ſhe is going to blockade Marſeilles and the Iſland of Corſica; but many think that Ruſſia does not trouble her head as to whether France is to be

governed by her new or her old conſtitution, but has taken the opportunity of this war to circumvent the cunning Prime Miniſter of England, Mr. Pitt. He ſtopped her ſhips on the laſt occaſion when ſhe was at war with Turkey, but now, being at heart an enemy of France, and alſo as there is nominally peace between the Empreſs and the Turks, he cannot oppoſe the progreſs of the Ruſſian fleet. If, on the arrival of the Ruſſian fleet in the Mediterranean, it ſhould find France defeated, it would ſeize the Iſland of Corſica firſt, and then proceed to the Eaſt, upon which Ruſſia would declare war againſt the Turks. If, on the other hand, the French are victorious, I have no doubt the Empreſs will find ſome other opportunity of declaring war againſt Turkey. I think this prophecy will come true, and that the Empreſs has taken this opportunity of turning the poſition of the Engliſh miniſter, as one would ſay in ſpeaking of military operations. This forecaſt ſeems to me a likely one, and it would be an intereſting event if the crafty Catherine ſhould deceive the crafty Pitt. The gifts to the treaſury ſtill come in great quantities: men, women, and children, rich and poor, ſhopkeepers and artiſans, are all offering whatever they are able. The

enthuſiasm is ſo great that I ſhould not wonder if it had ſome effect on our enemies, and compelled them to change their ſchemes. Denmark, whom Ruſſia has attempted to number among the coalition, has refuſed, ſaying that ſhe has no cauſe for war againſt France. I am quite puzzled as to the ſtate of things, and I do not know what to ſay or think, nor can I form any view as to the future. On the one hand, I remember what happened in the war between Greece and the Perſians, and then I fancy that France may be able to triumph againſt the coalition of the whole of Europe. On the other hand, when I remember that among the French there are a number of men, or rather, I should say, gnomes, namely, thoſe diſpoſſeſſed monks, who are trying all they know to facilitate the entrance of the enemy into France, I ſometimes fear leſt ſome great act of treachery ſhould take place.

28th April, 1792.

The gifts are pouring in every hour. I forgot to tell you of a ſpeech made by one of the members of the Aſſembly, named Francis, ſome days ago, againſt the clergy and againſt the Papal Court, which no doubt is

backing them up. After this ſpeech, which laſted two hours, the Aſſembly voted that any prieſt who was found exciting people, either openly or ſecretly, againſt the new conſtitution, ſhould be at once exiled. One opinion was that they ſhould baniſh the whole of the clergy to Rome, and, I think, if they had done ſo, the clergy of France would have ſtarved out the prieſts of Rome, if the former had all arrived there together, naked, faſting, and hungry. But the Aſſembly, willing to ſhow ſome mercy to them, ſimply decreed that any one ſhould be exiled from France who did not obey the laws which had been recently enacted.

1ſt May, 1792.

To-day we have heard of the firſt engagement in the war, which took place on the 28th of April, between the French and the Auſtrians. If all the future actions are of the ſame ſort, the war will be fatal to France. The loſs certainly is not great, but the way in which it took place is terrible and diſgraceful. The unfortunate General Dillon, commanding a ſmall body of the French, marched to Tournay to meet the Auſtrians. At the very beginning of the action, ſix or ſeven of the French ſoldiers ſhouted to the regiments that Dillon was

betraying them to the enemy. A panic ſet in, and the whole force fled. I leave you to imagine how eaſy was the victory of the enemy under theſe circumſtances. This was not enough, but in the middle of the confuſion and panic, theſe ſcoundrels seized hold of the unfortunate General Dillon and killed him as a traitor, together with two other officers. This ſtate of things has produced a great commotion here, while ſuspicion is very ſtrong againſt the King, and ſtronger ſtill againſt the Queen. The enemies of this unfortunate ſovereign, and they are many, accuſe her of being the cauſe of the panic, and ſay that ſhe had given ſecret orders for the purpoſe of bringing it about. Others accuſe the clergy. Theſe things may be poſſible, but they are neither clear nor proved. Nevertheleſs, the Court is in great danger every day and every hour, and you muſt not be aſtoniſhed if I write to tell you of the murder of the unfortunate King and Queen. The worſt of the King's poſition is that, not only has he open enemies among thoſe who approve the new conſtitution, and others who wiſh to kill him, or to declare him unworthy of reigning and to depoſe him; but beſides theſe open foes, his brothers and the emigrants accuſe him of being the cauſe of all the

changes which have taken place, as they ſay that he ſhowed himſelf a good deal too weak in the beginning of events, and a great deal too anxious to accept the demands of the people. The object of the princes and the emigrants is to attract him away to Germany, willing or unwilling, and, when once they get him into their hands far from France, their purpoſe is to depoſe him, to replace him by his infant ſon, and then to re-enter France under the protection of the other kings of Europe.

2nd to 24th May, 1792.

During the laſt two or three days many events have taken place, but I muſt really cu tmy account of them ſhort, as to write of them in detail would be impoſſible.

Yeſterday and to-day there were many rumours afloat concerning the flight of the King. The Queen was openly accuſed in the Aſſembly of being the cauſe of the preſent evils and thoſe feared in the future. It was ſaid, without any proofs being produced, that ſhe holds ſecret councils during the night with her own adherents, and is trying in every way to bring the troops of her nephew Francis into France.

29th May, 1792.

Ten o'clock at night. The tocſin is ringing ;

they are collecting troops in every direction, and running towards the Royal palace, as the rumour has ſpread that the King intends leaving Paris to-night.

30th May, 1792.

The noiſe continued during the whole night. The worſt of it is, that in the midſt of theſe terrible circumſtances we are quite unable to find out what really is going on. 'Eyes we have, but we do not ſee; ears we have, but we do not hear.' We talk great nonſenſe, as our converſation is generally about things which we have not ſeen with our own eyes or heard with our own ears. Some ſay that the rumour of the King's flight was not without ſome foundation. On the other hand, many are of opinion that his enemies ſpread the rumour ſo that, in the confuſion and the darkneſs, an opportunity might be found of murdering him.

I think I told you the Aſſembly had allowed the King to keep a bodyguard numbering eighteen hundred men. A ſuſpicion has now ſpread that this bodyguard would really help the King in his flight, and accompany him out of France. The Aſſembly therefore sent the King a meſſage, and

informed him that as the people ſuſpected his bodyguard, he was requeſted to diſband it, and to raiſe a new regiment of guards equal in number to the former. The King conſented to do this.

1ſt June, 1792.

The anſwer of England has now arrived, and ſhe aſſures us that her intention is to remain neutral. I think the diplomacy of the Biſhop of Autun has brought about this reſult, or perhaps it is the fear of public opinion in England. Nevertheleſs, in ſpite of this aſſurance, it is difficult for us to believe in the ſincerity of the crafty Pitt.

Portugal alſo remains neutral; Spain and Sardinia, although they are making warlike preparations, have not ſaid anything. Ruſſia, too, has not announced her intentions, but we hear that her armies are marching towards Poland, to which Power ſhe has announced, through her Ambaſſador, that the new conſtitution is not to her liking. This has driven the Poliſh people wild, and, a few nights ago, the mob broke all the windows of the palace of the Chancellor, becauſe he had, during the day, lunched with the Ruſſian Ambaſſador. News has arrived to-day that the army of Pruſſia is marching to join with that of the Auſtrians.

8th June, 1792.

The gifts are pouring in. Many Engliſh have ſent money to the Aſſembly, and to-day a few tradeſmen from Ireland ſent a certain amount of coin.

20th June, 1792.

This has been a terrible day. You will remember that, a few days ago, I wrote to you that I feared the King might be murdered at any moment. It is quite poſſible that that unhappy prophecy of mine may be fufilled to-day. During the laſt four or five days we have been expecting a riot. Among the recently paſſed laws there is one which gives the King a veto upon the Acts of the Aſſembly. The King, according to the new conſtitution, has the right of vetoing any law, even if paſſed by two ſucceſſive Aſſemblies ; that is to ſay, he can practically put it off for four years. If any Aſſembly paſſes a law of which the King diſapproves, and he vetoes it, then, if the Aſſembly has exiſted two years and is diſſolved, and the next Aſſembly paſſes the ſame law, the King has again the power of vetoing it ; but, if after the two years, the ſecond Aſſembly has come to an end, and a third Aſſembly again puts forward the law for a third time, the King is obliged to paſs it.

I told you a few days ago that the Aſſembly paſſed a law exiling the non-juring clergy. This decree the King has refuſed to ſign, either becauſe he has been badly adviſed, or, which I think more probable, he fears to exaſperate the clergy, as, if they are prevented from openly agitating, they have terrible and ſecret means of doing ſo through the confeſſional; and theſe means, of courſe, they would not heſitate to uſe. A few days later the Aſſembly paſſed another law calling twenty thouſand men from various parts of the kingdom into Paris, in order to guard us from the many dangers which are threatening us every day—dangers from our foreign foes, and alſo from our enemies in the interior, whom many ſuſpect to be harbouring a deſign for ſeizing on the perſon of the King and carrying him off into Germany. This was the oſtenſible cauſe of the decree; but the King ſuſpected that the Aſſembly, or at leaſt ſome of its members, ſeeing how popular he is with the garriſon of Paris, wiſhed to bring in other ſoldiers from the provinces for the purpoſe of making him a practical priſoner, or indeed, perhaps, of killing him. Theſe being his views, he refuſed his aſſent to this decree alſo. The Aſſembly, although it was much vexed at this action on the part of the

King, nevertheleſs accepted it, as the King, whether rightly or wrongly, was ſimply exerciſing the prerogative which they themſelves had given him. The rabble of the city, however, who do not care much for conſtitutional rights or anything elſe, are at the preſent moment gathering together in great ſtrength, it is ſaid to the number of ten or eleven thouſand, in the ſuburb of Saint Antoine. They have ſeized arms and are going to the palace, in order, as they ſay, to demand in a peaceable manner the conſent of the King to theſe two decrees. The unfortunate King has had ſome warning of this, and it is rumoured that he has taken the Sacrament and has made his will. I muſt therefore now drop my pen and try and get to the palace in order to ſee what is going on, and, on my return I will write you what has taken place.

It is now ten o'clock at night, and I have juſt returned from the palace, which is ſurrounded by a mob of thouſands and thouſands of ſpectators, who have gone there out of curioſity. The mob broke down the two gates of the courtyard, and, not content with that, they ruſhed into the private apartments of the palace, which, at the preſent moment while I am writing to you, are filled with

a mob carrying pikes. Up to the preſent they have not done the King any harm and have ſpoken to him in a quiet manner. It is ſaid that they aſked him if he wiſhed to be King of the French, or King of the emigrants and enemies of the country.

Great fears, however, are entertained that, unleſs they can clear the palace, ſome ſcoundrel or drunken man may ſtab the King when it becomes dark. Many ſuſpect that the whole thing has been got up by certain members of the Aſſembly to terrify the Court.

I dare ſay that you will think it curious that I am always writing to you, 'it is thought,' 'it is ſaid,' 'it is imagined;' but you muſt realiſe that the ſtate of things has now become one of ſuch abſolute confuſion that there is nothing but a moral fog all round us, and really it is impoſſible to know what is true and what is not.

The misfortunes overwhelming this unfortunate King are ſo many that really only the intervention of Providence can put an end to them.

We have now declared war and we have not yet concentrated enough troops on our frontiers to defend the country, yet no one can ſay whoſe fault it is that this delay has occurred. The generals

throw the blame on the miniſters, and the miniſters upon the generals. We have robbed the clergy of their boundleſs wealth, and yet we have no money, becauſe the people, having broken all bounds of law and order, abſolutely refuſe any longer to pay taxes. The reſult is that, for the laſt four years, we have been paying our way with the money of the Church, and ſtill the debts of the monarchy remain unpaid juſt as they were before. We now hear that the Ruſſian troops are approaching the borders of Poland, and that England is preparing her fleet. If the laſt-named Power has deceived us and attacks us on ſea, I think it will be all over with France. The news has juſt arrived that our General Luckner has taken two Auſtrian towns, Ypres and Courtrai, but this is a very ſmall conſolation for all the innumerable misfortunes which ſurround us, and alſo the fear that, in the courſe of the next ſix months, we ſhall be attacked by an army of nearly two hundred thouſand Auſtrians and Pruſſians. What will be the ſtate of things if Ruſſia and the remaining princes of Germany join this coalition? We are alſo expoſed to be attacked by Spain, Sardinia, and Naples. But enough of this for the preſent; it is very late and I muſt go to bed.

21ſt June, 1792.

I bid you good morrow. Yeſterday was a leſs unfortunate day than one might have expected. We were very nearly loſing the King. I told you, I think, that the mob broke in through the gates of the palace. As ſoon as they had gone up the ſtairs, ſome went towards the apartments of the King, and ſome towards thoſe of the Queen; the King ſhut himſelf up in his rooms with a few bodyguards, but, ſeeing that the mob were breaking in with axes, he boldly went forward, and himſelf opened the folding doors. The moment the doors were open, the room was filled with an immenſe crowd of armed blackguards, and it would have been impoſſible for the few lifeguards who ſurrounded the King to have ſaved his life. The King, however, went into the receſs of a window, and thence began to addreſs the rabble, aſking for what reaſon they had come to attack him with ſwords and ſtaves. It was impoſſible to hear what he was ſaying in the midſt of the clamour. He ſtood up on a chair, and, ſome meaſure of ſilence having then been attained, they told him what I wrote you yeſterday, namely, requeſted him to confirm the two decrees of the Aſſembly. In theſe terrible circumſtances the

King behaved with magnificent courage, combined with perfect calm and civility. They say that he did not change colour, nor did he show the slightest sign of fear. I think that the extraordinary courage displayed by him probably saved his life. He told them, with a smiling face, that this movement was absolutely opposed to all the laws which he was determined to keep, even at the peril of his life; that if he had vetoed the two decrees of the Assembly he had done so for many good reasons, and the right to do so had been granted to him by the constitution which had just been carried. Then they gave him a red cap, and asked him to put it on his head as a sign of his sympathy with liberty. You probably know that the red cap is now the sign of liberty, and during the last few months many lunatics have been seen going about in the streets with red caps on their heads instead of hats. The unfortunate King had to place this on his royal and anointed head. Then many of the scoundrels shouted, 'Long live the Nation, long live Liberty!' The King had to answer as loudly as he could, 'Long live the Nation!'

Meanwhile, the Assembly, having heard that the King was in great danger, and fearing that

ſome attempt would be made upon his life, ſent twenty-four of its members with orders to ſurround him, and to diſperſe the crowd, if poſſible, with pacific aſſurances. If this were impoſſible, to die rather than that the King ſhould ſuffer any harm. Many members of the Aſſembly were unwilling that a deputation ſhould be ſent to the King, and this confirmed the ſuſpicion that they themſelves had organized the whole of the riot. The twenty-four members, however, went to the King, and the Aſſembly changed them every half-hour, ſending twenty-four new members, in order that they might be kept informed of what was going on. One of the members ſaid to the King, 'Do not be afraid.' 'I afraid!' ſaid the King. 'In theſe circumſtances it is only persons who have anything to reproach themſelves with that are afraid. My conſcience tells me I have nothing with which to reproach myſelf, therefore, why ſhould I be afraid?' Then taking the hand of one of the bodyguards, he placed it on his heart and ſaid, 'Do you feel that it is beating faſter than uſual?' 'No,' replied the man. 'Certainly not,' ſaid the King; 'why ſhould I be afraid of the people here? I have never done any harm.' Many ſuch incidents occurred during the day.

After ſeveral ſpeeches from the members of the Aſſembly, the crowd ſcattered, although it was feared that force would be required before they left the palace. The King to-day addreſſed the following meſſage to the Aſſembly. [Here follows an epitome of the Royal meſſage.]

22nd June, 1792.

Although the King is, for the moment, left in peace, things are far from quieting down. In many parts of the city placards have been poſted to-day, abuſing the King in every poſſible manner, and threatening him with death unleſs he conſents to carry out the wiſhes of the people. Both the King of France and all of us who are inhabiting this unfortunate country are ſtill in the depths of miſery, and I really cannot ſay how this matter is going to end. I fear we are about to witneſs the moſt appalling and terrible events.

23rd June, 1792.

The gifts of money are ſtill coming to the Aſſembly; women offer their jewels and other valuables, children their birthday preſents. The enthuſiaſm and ſelf-ſacrifice are altogether incredible, but would that this enthuſiaſm and ſelf-

ſacrifice were ſeaſoned with the ſalt of common ſenſe!

You know that the number of archbiſhops and biſhops in France has been greatly reduced, and conſequently the eſtabliſhments of many cathedrals have had to be cut down. In thoſe churches were many ſingers and precentors, and theſe muſical gentlemen had to be fed like yourſelf. 'They who ſing in the Temple ſhould live of the Temple.' The fact of the Temple having been deſtroyed was no reaſon why theſe muſical gentlemen ſhould not eat. They got hungry as they did before, and in a petition to the Aſſembly ſet forth their ſad ſtate. The Aſſembly has liſtened to them, and has allowed them a monthly allowance, as before. You will tell me that this piece of news is a ſomewhat fooliſh bit of goſſip under the circumſtances, but I may tell you that in France, as in Greece, trifles ſuch as theſe go to make up our daily life. You ſee you are not the only muſician who ſuffers from poverty.

24th June, 1792.

It is greatly to be feared that there is going to be a riot to-morrow, ſo the troops are being collected, in order to prevent a renewal of the

occurrences in the King's palace. Heaven alone knows when we ſhall ſee daylight in theſe matters. It is four years now ſince this affair commenced. There is no more money, all the neceſſaries of life have doubled in price, and our lives are in daily danger.

We are now threatened with incurſions from the provinces, and it is ſaid that all the rifraff of the country places is coming to rob us of what little we have left, and perhaps murder us, under the pretence that many of the old régime ſtill exiſt in this town, who are trying in every way to reſtore the former power to the Court. This may be true, but why an unfortunate perſon like myſelf, who has always hated tyranny in every form, ſhould have my throat cut on account of it, is more than I can tell. My caſe, however, is exactly that of many in this city. If the new conſtitution is overturned, it will be neither the nobles nor the clergy who will have brought this about, but the ſo-called friends of liberty, who have diſguſted ſo many. The more they inſult the King, or cauſe him to be inſulted, ſo much the more do they increaſe his popularity. This is not merely my own private opinion, but I have ſeen with my own eyes how much the King has

gained in the affection and goodwill of the people ſince the affair of the 20th of this month. I myſelf, who have never been an admirer of kings, cannot help being deeply grieved for him, and admiring him for the extraordinary courage which he diſplayed on that awful day. I may be fond of liberty, but I am alſo fond of juſtice. This ſo-called liberty without laws is merely an excuſe for plunder.

25th June, 1792.

It is now five o'clock in the afternoon. The extenſive preparations made yeſterday have kept the mob in order. The news has arrived of a battle between the Poles and the Ruſſians, in which it is ſaid that the Poles had the beſt of it.

Letter IX.

17th Auguſt, 1792.

On the 25th of June I ſent you a letter of twenty pages, in which I gave you a brief account of the misfortunes of this country. Although I am very buſy, I am going to try and tell you of what has happened ſince my laſt. I had intended to keep a daily diary from the 26th of June to

the 30th of Auguſt, but events have come ſo quickly that it would not have been a diary, but a book that I ſhould have had to ſend you if I had noted them all. I am, therefore, going to limit myſelf to telling you what has happened in the courſe of laſt week, a week which will remain ever memorable in the annals of France.

After the inſurrection of the 20th of June, and the invaſion of the Royal palace, about which I wrote you in my laſt, ſeveral provinces ſent up letters to the Aſſembly, expreſſing their ſenſe of horror at the diſgraceful events which had taken place, and alſo of the attack upon the King. The army alſo, at the frontiers, ſent their General Lafayette with complaints of the ſame ſort. This action of Lafayette annoyed many of the members of the Aſſembly, and they propoſed that the General ſhould be puniſhed, as it was abſolutely illegal for a general, in time of war, to leave his camp and to come, without leave, to Paris to threaten the Aſſembly. The majority, however, rejected this propoſal. Still, his enemies did not accept their defeat, as they plainly ſaw that, ſo long as the General was protecting the King with his army, they would be unable to carry out their ſecret deſigns. On the other hand, the diſſenſions

in the Aſſembly, which had already begun to ſhow themſelves, had now reached ſuch a point as almoſt to amount to open warfare.

[Here follows an account of well-known events, diſcuſſions in the Aſſembly, &c., and alſo deſcriptions of the flight of the King from the palace on the 10th of Auguſt. The writer ſtates that the mob, on breaking into the Palace, did not commit any acts of robbery—in fact they hung ſome of the people, the ſans-culottes, who were found ſtealing valuables. He then goes on :—]

At laſt they broke into the Royal cellar, and having found there wine of the moſt exquiſite quality, they all got horribly drunk. Then, wild with drink and excitement, they began murdering right and left, and it is ſaid that women were even ſeen dancing on the bodies of the victims. I was not an eye-witneſs of theſe events, as I ſtayed at home. I will tell you, however, what I did ſee myſelf. In the evening my curioſity impelled me to go towards the palace to ſee what was going on. In the ſtreets I met many women who were carrying the blood-ſtained ſhirts of the murdered men as trophies, while they were ſinging and laughing.

To return to the King. I told you above

that he had been deceived by evil councillors, and, moſt unluckily for him, among the different effects which were carried to the Aſſembly from the palace were certain letters of the Queen and various other documents in writing, by which it was ſeen that the King was ſecretly in agreement with his emigrant brothers and the foreign kings, our enemies. The Aſſembly, even before theſe letters were read, and on the very day, on the 10th of Auguſt, being afraid of the mob, or perhaps finding it was a ſuitable moment to carry out a plan which they had long wiſhed to execute, unanimouſly voted the temporary depoſition of the King. In order, however, to free themſelves from the ſuſpicion that they had done anything againſt the will of the people, they, at the ſame time, ſent out writs to all the provinces, inviting them to chooſe new repreſentatives to aſſemble in Paris on the 26th of September. This new Aſſembly was to decide whether Louis was again to be placed on the throne, or his ſon in his ſtead, or whether the political conſtitution of France ſhould be a republic, and the monarchy aboliſhed. Having depoſed the King, it was neceſſary to impriſon him, in order that he might not try to eſcape, as he did laſt year. Therefore, on the

13th of Auguſt, after having kept him three days in the Aſſembly, they put him in priſon with his family. I happened by chance to be in the ſtreets on the evening of the 13th, at the moment when this unfortunate King paſſed to his priſon. It will be impoſſible, my friend, to give you any idea of this heart-rending ſcene. The King, the Queen, his ſon, his daughter, and his ſiſter were in the ſame carriage, which was eſcorted by thouſands of ſoldiers, horſe and foot. He went from the Aſſembly to the Temple (which is near the houſe in which I live), and this took him about three quarters of an hour.

You cannot imagine the innumerable crowds of people along the whole line of march which had come out to ſee him, and alſo the effect of the cries, 'Long live the Nation! Long live Liberty!' in the ears of Louis, who had in paſt times been accuſtomed to ſhouts of 'Long live the King!' I was cloſe to the carriage when it paſſed. The King's face appeared calm, either through courage, or perhaps through want of feeling for his poſition. The Queen looked haughty and ſulky, as did alſo her daughter and her ſiſter-in-law. The unfortunate little Dauphin, ſtill ſo young, was looking round

on every ſide, and ſeemed aſtoniſhed at the enormous crowd.

As ſoon as the King was in priſon, they arreſted many of the great nobles and other well-known perſons in whoſe poſſeſſion letters and other compromiſing documents were found. They have impriſoned them all, and are trying them one by one and condemning them to death. They have executed the ſteward of the King, as they found in his books that he had paid a good deal of money away to the emigrant princes for the purpoſe of raiſing an army. Many are ſtill in priſon who no doubt will be executed.

The popular feeling is ſo excited that I ſhould not at all wonder if they went ſo far as to try the King and condemn him to death, as the Engliſh did their King, Charles I., in 1649. This Aſſembly would not do it. It would not aſtoniſh me, however, if the new one, which is to meet on the 26th of September, were to condemn the King to death, ſuch is the animoſity againſt him at the preſent moment. The greateſt misfortune of the King is that no one now dares any longer to expreſs ſympathy with him. His letters and the anſwers to them, and other proofs of his connivance with our enemies, which he was fooliſh

enough to write and ſtill more fooliſh not to burn, as it is now quite ſix months ſince theſe paſſed, have cloſed the mouths of all, even of thoſe who were formerly his friends. Lafayette, as ſoon as he heard of the fall of the King, wiſhed to bring his army to Paris to liberate him, and almoſt ſucceeded in carrying out his plan; but, as ſoon as the letters and other proofs of the conſpiracy were publiſhed in the camp, the ſoldiers changed their minds, and, inſtead of following Lafayette, very nearly arreſted him for the purpoſe of ſending him to the Aſſembly; he, however, more wiſe than the King, decided to ſave himſelf by flight, and we do not know yet whether he has gone to Holland or to England.

The moſt unexpected and incredible things are taking place in the excitement. The French people, until now, had always ſhown the moſt abject loyalty and devotion to their ſovereign—'My God and my King' was the motto of the Frenchman. This ſubſervient loyalty has now become an unreaſoning hatred, and we hear nothing but cries of 'Louis the tyrant: Louis the Laſt, and not the Sixteenth!' In the different ſquares of this city there were bronze and marble ſtatues of Henri IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XV.,

which were magnificent works of ſculpture, but all theſe copper kings have now been taken away becauſe the people ſay that they can no longer bear to ſee them, although they are images of thoſe who are dead. The name of Louis has been taken away from all the public buildings, and even the Royal Library has now become the National Library.

I wrote to you ſaying that it was the intention of the Aſſembly to exile the prieſts who had refuſed the conſtitutional oath, and that the King had prevented them. Upon the depoſition of the King, they renewed the decrees againſt the clergy, and have now exiled all the non-jurors from France.

27th Auguſt.

We to-day received the news that Ruſſia has again been able to work her will againſt unhappy Poland, and has overturned the new conſtitution. At the ſame time we hear that the French Ambaſſador in St. Peterſburgh has been obliged to leave, as the Empreſs did not look upon him favourably. When ſhe hears of the impriſonment of the King her wrath will be ſtill greater. The enthuſiaſm which the people are ſhowing makes

me hope that they may yet prove victorious over their enemies, as this war, as I have written before, is not at all like the wars of any other time.

30th Auguſt.

We are now in a great panic again. Troops are ruſhing in every direction to garriſon Paris. If the enemy advance, I really do not know what will become of us. I am ſorry I did not go to England two months ago, when it was ſtill poſſible to do ſo ; now no one is allowed to leave Paris.

They have begun ſearching our houſes for arms, under the pretence that they want them for the defence of the country ; the truth being that they are afraid leſt, on the approach of the enemy, ſome friends of the King ſhould appear with arms, and civil war begin. This ſearch for arms took place laſt night and is not yet over. I do not know that they were wrong in making it, as they found many arms for which there was no apparent uſe, and alſo many ſuſpicious characters collected together, among them being many prieſts, who were hidden under beds and other hiding-places in the hope of being able to eſcape exile. They

alſo came and ſearched my houſe at nine o'clock in the morning, but could find nothing, except an old ſword which I bought a few days back in caſe of neceſſity under theſe dire circumſtances ; this, however, they left to me. We are now more than ever expoſed to daily dangers, and I will ſend off this letter leſt anything ſhould befall me. If this ſhould be my laſt letter, pleaſe do not forget me.

Our fears ariſe not only from our external enemies, but rather from the mob of Paris. If the enemy ſhould come near, I have little doubt that they will compel us, whether willing or unwilling, to go out and meet them, and if the enemy enter the town, which I ſincerely hope they will not do, I fear the mob will pillage and burn our houſes. Then if I ſee the reſult of all my labours, and my notes on Hippocrates, and many other claſſical writers, which I have been gathering together ſo long, thrown into the flames, I really ſhall not care to live, as I really could not undertake to re-write the whole of my work. It was extremely fooliſh of me not to have gone to England with my manuſcript ; but how could one foreſee events the like of which may not happen once in a thouſand years ?

1ſt September.

I kept my letter back in order to tell you everything new. There is no news except that the town is in a ſtate of uproar, and the mob is making its way to the various priſons for the purpoſe of murdering the unfortunate priſoners.

3rd September, 10 *a m.*

Laſt night they maſſacred without mercy all the priſoners who were in jail for political reaſons, among them being many archbiſhops, biſhops, and prieſts who had refuſed to take the oath, and were kept in priſon with a view to being exiled. Even now the maſſacres are going on, and they will laſt for many days yet, as the priſons are full. The Aſſembly ſent a few members to try and prevent theſe horrors, but the mob have now broken all bounds. The priſon-yards are full of dead bodies. The excuſe which was given by the people is that the King had intended to let the priſoners looſe upon the town, in order that they might murder the citizens.

6th September, 1792.

The maſſacre laſted till this morning. For two days and during the whole of the night the

mob went on killing. Among the ſlain are ſome of the former miniſtry and many hundreds of prieſts. They have alſo put to death the Princeſſe de Lamballe, who was the great friend of the Queen. The mob ran to the Temple, where the King is now a priſoner, with the intention of murdering him and his family, and were only with great difficulty prevented from doing ſo. But those who prevented the mob only did ſo in the hope that the new Aſſembly would condemn him to death in a legal manner. One cannot but ſee that the King will either be murdered at the hands of the rabble, or condemned to death by ſome Aſſembly. Never in hiſtorical times has a like ſituation been ſeen.

We hear that the enemy have now taken another town, called Verdun. I do not now believe that they will conquer the French, or ſave the life of Louis.

The enthuſiaſm of the nation is ſomething entirely indeſcribable. It is ſaid that more than 600,000 men are volunteering for the army from different parts of France. They ruſh to the frontiers with ſo much ardour that they seem to be going to ſome feſtival, rather than to war. Many mothers even have volunteered to ſend their

children to the army. Seeing this, I am beginning to believe what ancient Greek hiſtorians wrote concerning the women of Sparta. You hear nothing around you but cries of Marathon, Salamis, Leuctra, Platæa, and other names which are familiar to us in our own country. From every village and town ſoldiers are marching to the frontiers, and in places where, according to their ordinary quota, the number of recruits might have been expected to number forty, 300 have gone to the front. It is ſaid that the Auſtrians, having entered a ſmall village, and begun to pillage it, an innkeeper was ſo enraged at the ſight that ſhe poiſoned two hogſheads of wine and diſtributed it amongt thoſe who were thirſty. In this way ſhe killed more than 400 ſoldiers. The excitement of the public has compelled the Aſſembly (or perhaps it would be better to ſay that the Aſſembly had done it in order to increaſe the excitement of the public) to take an oath never to have a King again in the future, but always to maintain a republic. It now remains to be ſeen whether the French are worthy of ſuch liberty.

It is ſaid that 22,000 Ruſſians are alſo marching againſt France; but ſuch is the enthuſiaſm which I ſee pervading the whole nation that, un-

leſs it is betrayed by its own generals, neither Auſtria, Ruſſia, Pruſſia, nor, indeed, the whole of Europe in coalition, will be able to do anything againſt France. I ſay this becauſe if I had read in the papers one quarter of what I have ſeen with my own eyes, I ſhould not have believed it, but ſhould have thought it was a groſs exaggeration.

8th September, 1792.

More and more men are coming forward to volunteer, and gifts of every ſort are hourly offered to the Aſſembly towards the expenſes of the war. I think I told you that even ſome women were fighting on the frontiers. To-day a number of women appeared before the Aſſembly and aſked leave to raiſe a regiment compoſed of women only. The Aſſembly thanked them for their offer, but ſaid that they muſt conſider the matter further.

I have juſt received your letter of the 1ſt of April, in which you tell me of the death of our well-beloved friend Nicholas. [He condoles with him on the ſubject.]

Letter X.

15th October, 1792.

On September 18th, my dear friend, I wrote you at great length concerning the terrible, extraordinary, and unlooked-for events which have been taking place in France, namely the impriſonment of the King and the whole of his family, and the great riots which took place in the Royal palace, when ſo many were killed. I told you about the maſſacres in the priſons, where it was rumoured nearly eight thouſand perſons periſhed. I alſo told you of the great enthuſiaſm amid which the new Aſſembly had met, and the ruſh of men to the frontier in order to take part in the war. Before theſe events I informed you that the French were rather unfortunate in the war, and I related to you the fall of various towns which had been taken by the Auſtrians and the Pruſſians. All theſe misfortunes took place before the impriſonment of the King, but ſince he has been ſhut up in jail, things have changed and are very much better. This ſeems to be a proof of what was ſuſpected, that the foregoing misfortunes were really cauſed by the treachery of this unfortunate and ill-adviſed monarch.

The new Aſſembly met on the 21ſt of September and, in its firſt ſitting, declared the King depoſed, and France a republic, ſuch as exiſted in Greece in ancient times, and, in modern days, among the Swiſs and the Americans. The firſt ſitting of the Aſſembly laſted continuouſly for ſeveral days and nights, as the danger from the enemy was ſo great. On the 23rd they hung a placard at the door of the unfortunate Louis on which the decree of the Aſſembly was ſet forth, namely, that the General Aſſembly of France had decided to do away with the monarchy for ever. They then tore off the gold ſtars and Royal orders from the clothes of the King. They ſaid that the King, who, until then had ſhown much courage, was unable to reſtrain his tears when he ſaw them doing this.

As I wrote above, everything has changed for the better ſince the impriſonment of the King. In the courſe of a few weeks and with unexampled rapidity, the French Army has driven the enemy from the ſoil of France, and not only have they retaken the towns which were in the hands of the invader, but they have even progreſſed into Germany, where they have entered ſeveral of the Imperial cities. They have driven a few of the

Prince-Biſhops from their thrones. You perhaps do not know that in Germany there are many of theſe holy perſons who, like their God-fearing Father in Rome, have a double kingdom, namely, one in Heaven and one upon earth. The armies have confiſcated the ill-gotten properties of the Biſhops, and have added theſe countries to the Northern provinces of France.

In the South they have been equally ſucceſsful. They have invaded the Kingdom of Sardinia, and taken the whole of Savoy without loſing a man, as the Sardinian troops ſeem to have fled as if purſued by devils. This has happened in many towns alſo in Germany, which have opened their gates to the French, ſome out of ſheer fear, and others becauſe they are wearied of the yoke of their ſovereigns, eſpecially that of the Prince-Biſhops. The French are regarded more in the light of their friends than of their enemies. The inhabitants of Savoy have voted their annexation to France. The King of Sardinia, who, they ſay, is a very fooliſh perſon, has got what he deſerved, as he has always refuſed to liſten to the advice of his ſon, who is a prince of great ſenſe. This young man was aſked two years ago by his father what he thought of the events in France. The Prince anſwered that in his opinion,

there was a conſiderable chance of all the kings of Europe loſing their thrones, and under theſe circumſtances, the beſt thing for the kings who wiſhed to retain them was to remain quiet and take no part in this affair. The King, however, being related by marriage to our Court, and alſo in order to pleaſe the Emperor, called out his whole army, but the French attacked them beſore they were ready, and taught him, in the words of the proverb, that when lions are fighting amongſt themſelves, it is beſt for the rabbits to keep quiet. The prophecy of the Prince of Sardinia, however, nearly came true in the caſe of the 'Illuminated' King of Pruſſia. This ſovereign, after he had loſt a large part of his army in the various fights with the French, ſent to Berlin and ordered thirty thouſand men to come as quickly as poſſible to the front. The inhabitants of Berlin, being much diſturbed at the loſs of ſo many of their relations and alſo at the fearful expenſe of the war, refuſed to ſend either ſoldiers or money, and the fooliſh heir of that Imperial hero, Frederick, has been compelled to put up with this ſlight, as he feared that if he did not do ſo the fate of the King of France might befall him. He has been compelled to return to the more remote parts of Germany,

and it is alſo ſaid that he is making ſecret propoſals for peace. We know nothing of what is really going on in that direction, but it is the opinion of many perſons that the French will accept his propoſals in order to detach him from his alliance with the Emperor, and thus diminiſh the number of our enemies. The Empreſs Catherine has ſhown how far ſuperior ſhe is to all the kings of Europe. It is rumoured that ſhe intended to ſend twenty thouſand men to join the coalition againſt France, but nothing of the ſort has taken place as yet. It is ſaid, however, that ſhe is only trying to deceive the allies, and hopes that while they are engaged in that quarter, ſhe will be allowed to do as ſhe likes in Poland; had the King Frederick the Great been alive he would certainly not have attacked France.

6th October, 1792.

The Aſſembly to-day decided to break up the crown and ſceptre, as a proof that the monarchy had come to an end. The crown and ſceptre were ſent to the Mint, and broken up, as Moſes broke up the Golden Calf, in order that they might be coined into money.

17th October, 1792.

It is ſaid that the Spaniards are going to attack us, but the French only laugh. The only people of which they are afraid are the Engliſh. Pitt deſires, as I have written you before, to join the coalition, but he is afraid of public opinion in England, which might become excited if he were to do ſo.

1ſt November, 1792.

From all the provinces petitions are coming in to the Aſſembly aſking for the trial of the unfortunate King. I think the Aſſembly, in order to prevent further diſorders, will be forced into trying the King and the Queen, but I do not think that they will be condemned to death.

10th November, 1792.

The King's trial is approaching: it is ſaid it will commence to-morrow. Although it is evident that that unfortunate monarch, either on his own account, or owing to evil counſels, was intriguing ſecretly against our liberty, nevertheleſs, it is now manifeſt that a large proportion of the French had made up their minds to change the conſtitu-

tion into a republic and to get rid of the King, even if he had been blameleſs in the whole of theſe matters.

There is one very curious rumour afloat, which is, that the whole of the republican party had intended, if they had failed, to go to the ſouthern provinces, eſpecially to Marſeilles, where the hatred of the King is very great, to ſeize the fleet at Toulon, and ſail to Cyprus or Crete, in order to conſtitute a French, or rather a Græco-French republic. It was thought that very likely many of the Greeks inhabiting theſe iſlands would riſe in inſurrection, and achieve a real liberty incomparably better than anything they could hope to obtain by the help of Ruſſia. I think that even the Precentor of Smyrna would have abandoned his tyrant and gone to Crete under theſe circumſtances. This rumour may ſeem ſomewhat ridiculous, but I believe there was ſome ſecret arrangement of the ſort in caſe the allies had entered Paris. I really believe that if that had occurred a very large proportion of the people here would have left their country and emigrated to thoſe places.

12th November, 1792.

The Aſſembly to-day have begun conſidering the matter of the King's trial. The trial itſelf has not yet begun. The queſtion before the Aſſembly is whether he ſhould be tried at all, and, if ſo, whether by ordinary judges or by the Aſſembly.

21ſt January, 1793.

I will paſs over the account of the French victories againſt the Auſtrians and the Pruſſians, and alſo againſt the King of Sardinia. The whole of the Belgian provinces have now been added to France, as alſo Savoy and ſome of the German provinces.

The great number of men who went from the provinces has cauſed a famine. As they left at the time of the harveſt, there were not enough hands left in the country to gather it in. There is famine in many of the towns. Owing to this diſtreſs in the country, bands of brigands have appeared in many places, murdering and pillaging. They came as far as Orleans, a town not far from Paris, and their intention was to attack this city and commit atrocities here as they have done at other places. This would have occurred if the troops had not diſperſed them. It would be impoſſible to deſcribe to you the

ſtate of danger and terror in which we are, and the daily riots and tumults which during the laſt three years we have been going through. Although thouſands have left Paris owing to theſe events, ſtill the prices of the neceſſaries of life, ſuch as food and clothing, have become ſo high that, during the laſt year, my expenſes have amounted to ſix hundred piaſtres, which I ſuppoſe you will ſcarcely credit. What we have gone through up to the preſent is perhaps nothing to what we may expect. I think the French are victorious in every direction; theſe victories may mean a good deal of glory, but they do not mean peace or happineſs. The more victories the French win, the more enemies they will raiſe up againſt them, and it is very likely that the death of poor Louis, whom they are murdering to-day, may yet bring upon us Spain, England, and Holland. I will now relate to you the tragic end of the King. I think I told you ſeveral times that he was coming to a bad end, and my prophecy was not wrong. On the 10th of Auguſt, as you know, he was depoſed, and he and his family were ſhut up in priſon. You will remember that at that time I told you that many documents had been found in an iron ſafe, which were of a very compromiſing nature. His trial laſted ſeveral

weeks, and from the way it was carried on many hoped that the Aſſembly intended to allow him to live. Many of his former enemies, who were in the Aſſembly, thinking this was an excellent opportunity of ſacrificing him, gave the Aſſembly clearly to underſtand that if the trial of the King were much more prolonged they would very ſoon raiſe up new inſurrections among the people.

The King was ſummoned before the Aſſembly on the 11th of December. He ſhowed great courage, and did not ſeem at all overwhelmed or afraid of the ſeven hundred and ſorty-five members, or of the great crowd of ſpectators who were looking on. His examination laſted two hours, during which time there was no trace of emotion on his countenance. The Preſident aſked him the following queſtions: he said, 'You are accuſed, Louis, of having given money in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. What do you anſwer to this?' The King ſaid: 'Whenever I left my palace it was my cuſtom to give money to the poor, not with any evil intent, but becauſe it afforded me pleaſure to help the poor among my ſubjects.' And then the unhappy monarch wept.

At his requeſt they allowed him counſel to

defend him, and curiouſly enough, a woman petitioned the Aſſembly aſking to be aſſociated with the other two barriſters as his third defender. The Aſſembly refuſed her prayer.

[He deſcribes the trial. No new incidents, however, are related.]

He continues :—

After the addreſs of his counſel the King ſpoke a few words to the Aſſembly, and then he was put into his carriage and taken back to priſon. In the carriage with him were his counſel, and alſo two officers. He ſpoke to them during the drive in the calmeſt manner, exactly as he uſed to do when he was in all his glory. He touched upon various ſubjects and, curiouſly enough, talked a good deal upon philology. He ſpoke of the different Latin authors, commented upon their ſtyle, and criticiſed certain points in their works, exactly as if nothing ſerious were going on. He is ſaid to have ſpent a good portion of his time whilſt in priſon in tranſlating a Latin author into French. One day that noble man Malſherbes wiſhed to find out whether this extraordinary calm of the King was cauſed by ſome vain hope of being acquitted, or from a ſtrong determination not to ſhow fear. He therefore felt his ground

with the King upon this ſubject; the King realiſed what he was driving at and replied laughingly, 'Malſherbes, I have always heard that when one of my family is about to die a woman is ſeen walking on the roof of the palace, this being a forerunner of death. Now, tell me, have you ſeen ſuch a ghoſt on the roof of the Louvre lately?' Malſherbes was quite unable to anſwer this queſtion, and burſt into tears. Then the King ſaid, 'Forgive me, my friend, I did not foreſee that this queſtion would have diſtreſſed you, but be quite ſure that I am prepared for the death which theſe people intend inflicting on me, and I am reſolved to die calmly, as my conſcience had nothing to reproach me with.'

At eleven o'clock at night on the 17th of December, after a ſitting which laſted for thirty hours, the Aſſembly voted the death of the King. Scarcely had they arrived at this terrible deciſion when the three counſel of the King entered, bearing a letter from him proteſting againſt the competency of the tribunal and alſo againſt the ſentence, as being againſt the weight of the evidence.

During this rebellion in France many ſtrange and wonderful things have taken place; one of

the moſt noble, however, was the conduct of Malſherbes, and I am ſure that not only you will admire him, as all honeſt people throughout the world will do, but alſo thoſe future generations who will read the hiſtory of France.

But now I will relate to you a matter which is exactly the reverſe, and is horrible indeed. When the queſtion was put whether the King were guilty or not, the Duke of Orleans, a couſin of the King, voted in the affirmative. Then came the ſecond queſtion: Shall the judgment of the Aſſembly be ſubmitted to the will of the people or not? Again the Duke voted againſt the deciſion being ſubmitted to the people. When the queſtion was put as to what puniſhment ſhould be inflicted, he voted that they ſhould condemn his couſin to death! He is not only a relation of the King, but he has alſo been a well-known enemy to him for many years. Peter, indeed, denied his Maſter thrice, but this man has certainly, I think, ſurpaſſed the cowardice of Peter, and alſo the treachery and brutality of Judas himſelf. I do not know whether the King was juſtly or unjuſtly condemned, becauſe it is ſcarcely time to judge of theſe matters; but as to this man, whatever the King might have done,

even if he had been a thouſand times worſe than he was ſaid to have been, the Duke ought to have held his peace, not only becauſe he was a relation, but alſo becauſe the hatred that exiſted between them was known to be of long ſtanding. Many, I think, are of opinion that his object is to ſeize upon the throne of France. If this ſhould happen it would be terrible for the country, and alſo for him, becauſe he would only remain a very few days upon the throne, while for us there would be more maſſacres and more riots in Paris, and a civil war between the friends of the Duke and thoſe who would not under any circumſtances accept a king.

At nine o'clock in the morning of the 21ſt of January they brought the King out of priſon and took him to the place of execution, accompanied by an enormous band of ſoldiers, and at about eleven o'clock in the morning the common executioner cut off the head of him who had been the moſt glorious, moſt powerful, and moſt puiſſant King in the whole of Europe. To the very laſt he remained calm and courageous, and he received his death as being one of the inſcrutable decrees of Providence. He tried to addreſs the people from the ſcaffold, but was not

allowed to do ſo. The only words which were heard by thoſe who were near enough were, 'I pardon my enemies with all my heart.'

Such, my friend, was the end of this King. At his death there was only one other perſon who ſhowed courage. That was the great Malſherbes. One other, indeed, ſhowed pity for and kindneſs to the King: that was his tailor, who aſked for the dead body, and buried it in the Church of Saint Mary Magdalen.

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